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Looking Forward

SCARCELY A DAY passes that some reader of The Outlook and Independent does not write in to us, disagreeing with or taking exception to the point of view or the facts set forth in one of our articles—and almost always assuming that the article itself sets forth *in toto* our own editorial belief, not merely that of the writer's; and further assuming that it is our last word on the subject.

SUCH WAS recently the case, for instance, in one of our articles on aviation—Mr. Murphy's on "Lunatics of the Air." The reader, who happened to be in the aviation business, contended that there was another side, and a more constructive one, to aviation and regretted that the article in question did not set it forth.

SETTING TO ONE side the fact that Mr. Murphy, because of his experience, is one of the best qualified writers we know to write the article he did write, aviation itself is a subject which is a perennial with this journal—both in the Trend of Events and in our article sections. In fact, we aim to present all angles of it, not merely the particular one which any single reader would like most; to the exclusion of every other.

ON ANY SUBJECT, true constructiveness consists surely in seeing all sides and thoroughly understanding them so that progress is not one-sided—as has often been the case in American industries, to their own eventual detriment.

THE PURPOSE of The Outlook and Independent is definitely to encourage such rounded discussion and help secure the intelligent view of present and future existence which results from it. There are plenty of journals devoted to merely an optimistic furtherance of our extremely interesting commercial designs. This journal occupies a field of its own mainly because its purpose is different from theirs.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Mary Baker Eddy in 1869

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Outlook
and Independent

November 6, 1929

➤➤ According to the Flesh ➤➤

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

The subject of this biography was so regularly a storm center during her life-time that her personality was obscured, or else distorted out of all human proportion. The storms, indeed, still blow about her; the difference being that sufficient time has passed for a view in perspective. Mrs. Springer brought to her effort the invaluable quality of artistic integrity: her aim being to find the living vital Mary Baker Eddy amongst the eulogies of her friends and the denunciations of her enemies. The Editors present the result, believing that the author has succeeded brilliantly in telling her story of a most remarkable woman

"Mrs. Eddy has had her descent traced from David, of the tribe of Judah, as has Queen Victoria."

THIS statement, derived from one of the more esoteric phases of Christian Science, is encountered in various forms throughout the secular literature. The particular passage is from Mary B. Longyear's *Life and Genealogy of Asa G. Eddy,* Mrs. Eddy's third husband, a book which illustrates the curious preoccupation of many of Mrs. Eddy's followers with genealogy, both spiritual and temporal.

The Leader's own unique autobiography, *Retrospection and Introspection,* begins, however, at a point and in a tone much nearer our purpose and interest.

"My ancestors, according to the flesh, were from both Scotland and England, my great-grandfather, on my father's side, being John McNeil of Edinburgh."

She relates that the daughter of John McNeil married an Englishman named Baker, and so became her paternal grandmother; that "in the line of my grandmother Baker's family was the late Sir John McNeil, a Scotch knight, who was prominent in British politics, and at one time held the position of ambassador to Persia."

In this chronology she seems to have been in error, although the statement still stands in the autobiography. Six generations of Bakers preceded Mary Baker in America, the first record of the family being of John Baker, who came from East Anglia and obtained a freehold in Charlestown, Mass., in 1634, fourteen years after the landing of the Mayflower. If her right to the McNeil coat-of-arms was denied, as it later was, her certificate of membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution would seem to be secure.

Mrs. Eddy had no liking for autobiography. For her the past was suffused with the colours of subsequent events; her life was given to "the transformation of the event," and to this process the past most readily lends itself. Moreover, she was temperamentally of those who live intensely in the present, and this perhaps was the chief secret of her success. Left to herself, it is safe to say that she would never have written of the past, except as it touched her cause.

When the time came that some sort of autobiographical statement was expected of her, she set to work and, by including a few poems and devoting an even half of the space to an exposition of her theories, produced a scant ninety-five pages, all that she cared or thought necessary to say. Her memory was largely emotional, and of what she remembered she told what she chose to tell, which may be said of most biographers. We are often baffled yet somehow sympathetic, as when writing of one of the most disputed phases of her life, which to this day remains a mystery, she breaks off suddenly to say: "It is well to know, dear reader, that our material, mortal history is but the record of dreams, not of man's real existence, and the dream has no place in the Science of being." It is so exactly what most of us feel, and would like to say, but lack the courage, the candor, or the naïveté.

She had the feminine disregard for dates, for figures, statistics in any form, for the literal sequence of events, and only when they became a point of controversy did she settle down to verifying them. In writing of her first husband she invariably referred to him as "Colonel Glover." Later, the military title being questioned, she wrote in a personal letter, "I called my late husband Colonel because he was connected with the militia, and I had got mixed on his rank." This explanation, so angrily quoted by one of her most industrious enemies, brought from him the comment that, "She might just as well have called him General for the same reason." And so she might. But she didn't. She simply referred to him as "Major" after that.

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It is plain that, for her, all these things, dates, titles, chronologies, fell clearly within the class of what she so splendidly called "the *etcetera* of mortal mind."

SIX GENERATIONS of sturdy God-fearing New England farmers. It might be the beginning, or the ending, of how many American biographies. We see them at once, the tall gaunt men, blue-eyed (the very adjectives write themselves), stern fathers, begetters of many children; the dutiful thrifty women; the long days of stubborn dogged toil, the solemn Sabbaths, blessing before meals, the chapter read from the Word by firelight, and early to bed in the little box-like chambers under the sloping eaves. Six generations of God-fearing New England farmers, spending their lives in the struggle to wrest food and shelter from the material earth, toiling, dying and passing away into obscurity.

And on the 16th of July, 1821, under the sloping roof of a New Hampshire farmhouse in the settlement known as the village of Bow, Abigail, Mark Baker's patient wife, gave birth to her sixth child, a fragile little girl whom they called Mary, and who was to come, by denying reality to the material world and teaching that the things of the Spirit alone have substance and are real, to gain riches and fame, and so powerfully to affect the imagination of her time that there were many who believed that she would never die; and when, at the age of eighty-nine she died, believed she would rise again.

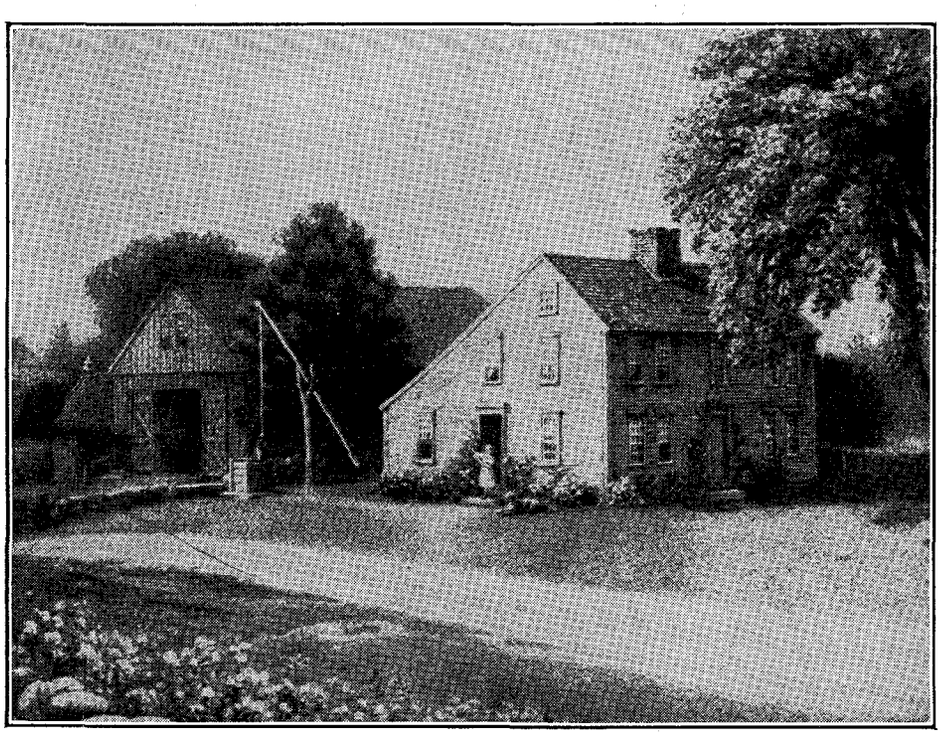
It may be said at once that her family was most respectable, and occupied a position of some consequence in its rural community. Indeed there is that touch of acrimony in stories told by their old neighbors that would suggest that members of the family may have held themselves just a little above their commoner acquaintances. The Baker home, though far from a sophisticated or a bookish one, was as comfortable as the usual farmer's home of that primitive period. What is more important is that the adventurous strain in the blood that had brought the first John Baker across the Atlantic in a sailing ship to the hazards of the new land had, with the generation of Mark Baker's children, begun to change its course, and to lead them out upon the no less hazardous adventures of the mind.

None of the family remained on the farm when they were old enough to shift for themselves. The eldest son, Samuel, learned the trade of stone mason and went to Boston to work in the building trades. Albert, the second son, seems to have been marked for more than a local career. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1834, studied law in the office of Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States, under whose influence he went into politics, served as Assemblyman in the State Legislature, and received the nomination for Representative in Congress, but died before the election, at the age of thirty-one. The third son, George Sullivan, formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Alexander Tilton, in a prosperous woolen mill famous for the manufacture of its Tilton Tweed. The two elder daughters married well; and Mark Baker himself, by a lifetime of hard work and thrifty saving, was able to take to himself a second wife, a well-to-do widow, and to live out his days in a comfortable home in the village of Tilton, where his neighbors called him *Squire*.

Out of the early years two figures clearly emerge,—iron-willed Mark, the father; and his youngest, frailest child, the little daughter Mary, who inherited his will. Since all her life Mary Baker progressed forward in direct ratio to the resistance offered her, the influence of this father upon her character is not to be underestimated. He was her first antagonist.

Mark Baker might stand as the slightly exaggerated and even theatrical figure of the tyrannical Puritan father in any familiar New England play. Rigidly upright and honest, adhering strictly to the letter of church and law, no man disagreed with him without encountering his wrath. And mighty would be the sound of that wrath. For the Baker voice was traditional in New Hampshire, and stories still are told of Mark and his brother at work in distant fields, "thundering like gods to each other across the hills."

The character and personality of this stern New Englander were of the kind that are never forgotten in a community, and even those who were children when Mark Baker was an old man remembered him well and had many stories to tell of him. Stories of his prejudices, his temper, of his fierce political disagreements and arguments. He was active in local politics and religious affairs, and the books of the Congregational Church bear the record of many of his disputes, one of which led to his applying for a letter of dismissal, which was refused, whereupon he placed himself on record as "feeling aggrieved at the doings of the Church on this subject." A business difference with his brother James ended in a complete estrangement of the two families, though they lived on adjoin-



Mrs. Eddy's birthplace as she remembered it

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ing farms, their houses fortunately hidden from each other by a hill. "You could no more move him than you could move old Kearsarge" (a local mountain), his neighbors said of him.

Mark Baker was, it is plain, the type of man who is master in his own house. And, although all of his children were endowed with strong wills of their own, he seems to have been master until the advent of his daughter Mary. For against him Mary was possessed of one unanswerable argument,—her sudden and terrifying illnesses. She was subject from infancy to hysterical attacks the exact nature of which has probably never been known. They continued throughout her life, and made of her a semi-invalid at intervals for years at a time.

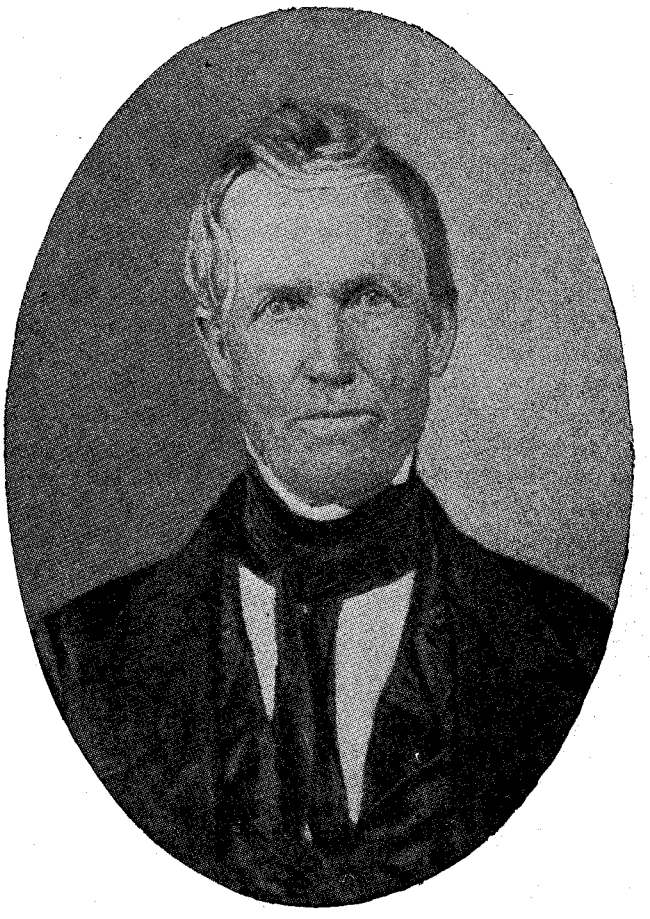
They have been described by many eyewitnesses. At times, they said, Mary "fell headlong to the floor, writhing and screaming in apparent agony." Again "she dropped as if lifeless, and lay limp and motionless until restored." At other times she became rigid like a cataleptic, and continued for a time in a state of suspended animation.

The Authorized Life of Mrs. Eddy quotes the description by an eyewitness of one of these attacks which occurred when Mrs. Eddy was about thirty-five years of age.

" 'I had the honor to take care of Mrs. Eddy once,' said a very old woman of Groton. 'She was all alone in her home and I heard her bell ringing. I went in and found her lying rigid with foam on her lips. I brought her around with cold water. She motioned to her medicine chest, and I gave her what she wanted. Then I sat with her till she got better.' Dr. Ladd, who attended Mary in her childhood, sometimes impatiently diagnosed her attacks as 'hysteria mingled with bad temper,' "—a diagnosis which does not, however, remove them from the class of genuine afflictions.

The illness was genuine enough to prevent Mary from going to school. For a few weeks at a time she would be sent with her older brothers and sisters to the district school, but it proved too much for her, and the attempt was finally given up and she was kept at home, and taught by her elders, particularly by her brother Albert, home from Dartmouth for his holidays.

The family continually feared that she might die in one of her attacks, and their occurrence created panic in the Baker home. It is not to be wondered at that, in order to avoid them, every concession was made to the nervous and easily overwrought child. She was placated and petted by her mother, her brothers and sisters, and by her Grandmother Baker who lived with them.



MARK BAKER
Mrs. Eddy's father

But concessions would not come easily to Mark Baker. Accustomed to having his slightest word obeyed, and attempting to exact obedience from Mary, who was in her turn accustomed to having her own way, Mark Baker would fail to perceive the approach of the catastrophe until it was upon him. And then he was in the greatest panic of them all. It was said that "nothing on earth excited Mark Baker like one of Mary's fits," which would be only natural in a nature such as his. It is probable that when the attacks were precipitated by some clash of his will with hers, his panic had in it the strongly suppressed sense of the responsibility being at least partly his own. And this, with his religious fear of a vengeful God, fear for his child's soul as well as his own, sent him lashing his horses down the hill for Dr. Ladd, "standing upright in his wagon and shouting in his tremendous voice, 'Mary is dying!' " as his neighbors remembered him.

The fear that she might die, and die unredeemed, must likewise have been the basis of their many conflicts about religion, and of his insistence upon Mary's joining the church, which none of his other children had been persuaded to do, and which Mary herself held off doing until she was seventeen.

It was a time of great religious disturbance and agitation everywhere. The waters of mercy were beginning to flow, and to quench a little the terrible fires of hell. But to Mark Baker the quenching of one appointed flame was heresy. He struggled mightily against the tide.

There is something formidable and pathetic in the figure of the old man standing so sternly by the harsh faith of his fathers, and wrestling with his children to bring them to the Light—the Light, again, of the terrible flames—before it should be too late. The others might meet his exhortations with stubborn silence, or with compromise,—but Mary was herself to grow up to rebuke, admonish and exhort. She met him with words, with tears, with passion to match his own.

He preached to her the doctrine of election, or predestination, and she did not wish to be saved if her brothers and sisters were to be numbered among the lost.

"So perturbed was I by the thoughts aroused by this erroneous doctrine," she writes of one such scene, "that the family doctor was summoned, and pronounced me stricken with fever. My mother, as she bathed my burning temples, bade me lean on God's love, which would give me rest, if I went to him in prayer, as I was wont to do, seeking his guidance. I prayed; a soft glow of ineffable joy came over

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me. The fever was gone, and I rose and dressed myself, in a normal condition of health. Mother saw this, and was glad. The physician marveled, and the 'horrible decree'—as John Calvin rightly called his own tenet—forever lost its power over me."

On one occasion at least the conflict between Mary and her father became so acute that Mrs. Baker sent Mary on a visit to friends near Boston in the hope of restoring her to a calmer state of mind. It is hardly to be expected that with two such natures as this, the encounters between them would be confined to the subject of religion. Or that Mary's will was spent exclusively upon her father.

There were those among their acquaintances who called Mary's attacks by the old fashioned name of *tantrums,* and said that she used them to get her own way. They cited the fact that she often had one of her spells on Sunday afternoons; when after a long morning in church she was compelled to sit with folded hands and be so very, very good. Considering the terror those sermons held for her, the heavy mid-day dinner, and the long solemn dreariness of those Sunday afternoons, that the day should end disastrously for Mary is hardly to be wondered at.

The pious, bookish, peace-loving little Mary of Miss Wilbur's Authorized Life must cause even the most devout to sometimes wonder how she ever grew up to become the fierce and doughty fighter that she was; the Leader fond of quoting the words of Jesus according to Matthew: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword," and when the complaint was made that her theories were creating dissension, breaking up families, separating husbands and wives, continued the quotation, "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father; and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Miss Wilbur paints a scene of the brother Albert's return home from his first year at college, and the meeting between him and Mary, a little girl of nine, "fragile and gentle, like a flower that might be crushed." He caught her up and set her as of old upon his shoulder "to queen it through the house."

"Mother," he said, "Mary is as beautiful as an angel."

"Well, my son," said the good mother, "she is as gentle and sweet-tempered as one."

"Now, little sister, tell me about the books."

Unfortunately little angels do not grow up to be leaders of great movements, even leaders of a religion of love. For leaders are born not out of submission but out of revolt and the unshakable conviction that they are in the right.

It would seem that the denominational writers have confused her with her theories, and have succeeded in drawing the picture of an ideal little girl in a Christian Science home, forgetting that it was much later that her discovery was made. She herself seemed at times to fall under the same influence, for she once wrote in answer to tales that were being circulated of her early life, that her mother "often presented my disposition as exemplary for her other children to imitate, saying, 'When do you ever see Mary angry?'"

But as this was at a time when she was beset by her enemies, who were leaving no stick unturned and no stone uncast, it may be said to have been written in the heat of argument.

In her last days, sitting in the twilight of her great house in Boston, she talked to Adam Dickey of many things; of the indomitable will which she had had all her life, even when a child; of how her father used to try to break that will, and how her mother always defended her, saying, "Mark, you must not antagonize Mary, you know she is always right, and I cannot allow you to be overbearing or cruel to her." (She still remembered, at eighty-nine, how she had been always in the right!)

On those summer evenings she told Adam Dickey many stories of her childhood, which he recounts in his *Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy,* and among them one which bears the authentic mark of inerasible memory, and which does much to illustrate the unhappy influence of Mark Baker's corrective methods upon his child.

Mr. Dickey prefaces the story with the statement that "her father seemed to know that she was an unusual child and that even when very young she seemed to possess healing qualities." Her eldest brother Sam, a big fellow in his late teens, had while chopping wood inflicted a serious gash in his leg with a glancing ax, and lay in bed for days, the wound refusing to heal.

"They were about to despair of his recovery, when Mary's father picked her up and approaching the bed he turned aside the covers and gently placed Mary's hand over the wound, holding it there for some little time. From that moment Sam's leg grew rapidly well, while Mary for several days suffered with a high fever and delirium, as a result of this experience."

It is possible that Mrs. Eddy herself had rationalized even that painful and unforgettable episode into a forecast of her healing power. And to do this it would be necessary to rationalize her father's rôle as well. It is possible that her memory told her that the laying on of her hand *had* cured the wound. For the memory of her brother's illness ceased when her own "fever and delirium" had superseded it, usurped as usual the center of the family stage. And since the brother did not die—and her next memory of him was as recovered, the sequence of events could easily be transformed into the episode effecting his recovery.

It is safe to say that the incident did occur. One wonders what the facts of it really were. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that Mark Baker's motive was the healing of the wound,—or that he believed in the efficacy of the laying on of hands. Other and less beneficent explanations come readily to the mind. Had Mary unwittingly played some part in the brother's accident—her small foot rolled the log perhaps—and Mark Baker's sudden fury led him to adopt so irrational a form of punishment? Given the temperament of the man, it would seem to be the only possible explanation of such an act,—a punishment that might have a disastrous effect even upon a normal child.

ANTAGONISTS as they were, Mark Baker gave his daughter much. They were inevitably alike in many ways. She had from him her fine nose and eyes, the broad high forehead, the resolute chin, and the straight firm mouth. A more gracious spirit and a less obstinate mind would have made Mark Baker a handsome man, as his children were handsome after him. Mary had from him as well the deep and resonant timbre of her voice. Yet she owed her father more than these

(Please Turn to Page 393)

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Our Foreign Service

By ROBERT BURGHER

Our commanding position among the nations, the rapid spread of our commerce, have been accompanied by a general improvement in our diplomatic and consular services. They are still handicapped, however, by small salaries and niggardly allowances. Mr. Burgher was until recently diplomatic secretary at the American Embassy in Tokyo

"LISTEN, SON." There was a faint note of supplication in my Congressman's voice. "Don't ever take no Government job if you can help it. A feller gets into a rut workin' for Uncle Sam, and if you take my advice, you'll be gettin' right on back home and lose no time about it. Of course, I ain't doing so bad," he added wistfully.

I had come to see him on a hot July day to tell him that I had finished my examinations for the Diplomatic Service, and after searching through the Congressional Office Building, I had found him discussing farm relief in the Democratic Caucus Room, collar off and comfortable. He had been serving my district in the Halls of Congress for twelve years. If he had got into a rut, it apparently was not annoying him very seriously, but I saw his point. There were evidences of it in other parts of the Democratic Caucus Room.

A hiatus . . . until two months after a letter came for me marked "official business." I held it to the light, but the State Department uses good heavy white paper. I began to have funny feelings up and down my spine. It was my first taste. "You are instructed to report to the Department of State for duty as soon after the 1st of January as is practicable," it told me, but said nothing about being sent to Rome, Vienna, or Madrid. I began to wonder whether I'd be sent perhaps more to the northern part of Europe—one of those nice little countries, like Denmark, say.

With the three other men who had passed the examination with me, I began receiving instruction in the mysteries of cipher, and was given a brown book to read—called *Passport Regulations*. We served for short periods in several departments, then eventually were respectively assigned to "geographical" divisions into which spheres of operation the State Department is divided. I went to the Western European Division, where because of my greenness, I was put to work at acknowledging many of the "nut" letters which are received every day in our State Department. I shall digress to tell of one which came from a very prominent dowager who has graced Washington society for decades. "Dear Mr. Hughes," she begged, "the former Austro-Hungarian Ambassador was such a nice man, and he and his dear wife loved living in Washington so much. Can't you in some way use your influence to have him sent here as the new Minister for Austria—I know you can if you wish—and it will be particularly nice for us because their children and mine went to dancing school together?" It was a touching note, particularly the "dancing school" allusion, but it was shortly after the War, and I imagine Mr. Hughes had had enough trouble with the Austrians not to want to add more difficulties.

Another prize letter came during the Disarmament Conference. It was written in pencil, a very scrawly handwriting. "Mr. C. E. Hughes, Sec.," it began, and conveyed the suggestion that, instead of scrapping battleships, they might be conveniently sunk in certain small bays on the Florida coast. The writer's farm fronted one of them, he said, and the fighting top of the battleship to be sunk in his bay could be used as lighthouse, which had been needed for years.

January went by, followed by a snowy February, and still no assignments to posts. We began to fidget and to wonder if we'd been forgotten. I began studying French conversation very seriously, and my roommate, who had been attached to the Latin American Division, worked daily on Spanish. March came and Pennsylvania Avenue assumed a more cheerful tone. One day, shortly after noon, I was returning slowly up Pennsylvania Avenue, meditating vaguely about the machinery of State. I visualized myself reclining luxuriously in a steamer chair, with the ship slipping through smooth water towards late spring in Paris. But as I looked up, the reverie was broken. Miss Nelson, one of the pretty young stenographers in my office, was on her way to lunch. "Hello," she said, "have you heard the news?" "No," I replied, absently. I was on the Rue de Rivoli by that time. "What news?" "The new assignments," she told me, "they've come out and you're going to a post." I came out of my dream in a hurry. "Well, where?" I asked. "What's my fate? Break down with the news," and I steeled myself for better or for worse.

"Oh, a good post," she said, "but we're not supposed to tell you. A friend of mine went there last year—she teaches school over in Maryland—she liked it down there." I was terribly excited but "down there" reached out with a claw and struck my mental film. One does not refer to France or even Spain as "down there."

"Miss Nelson," I spoke firmly, "this is hardly fair. I am dying of curiosity, and really can't you tell me?" I made all the customary promises about not telling any one. The reply came like a blimp suddenly going up in smoke—one of those poof sounds.

"Panama," she told me in a steady voice, and, as I remember, I swooned. My colleagues, who had been brushing up on their Spanish, received orders at the same time to proceed to The Hague and Belgrade, respectively.

THESE WERE the good old days of the Diplomatic Service, before the passage of the Rogers Bill, which amalgamated the Diplomatic Service and the Consular Service into what is now known as the Foreign Service of the United States. The Foreign Service, however, maintains a Consular branch and a Diplomatic branch, if they may be so called, the officers in one being interchangeable with the officers in the other. Under the present régime, a new officer must first become a vice consul, with the possibility, if he so desires, of being made a diplomatic secretary after serving three or four years in the consular branch. Of course, the State Department has a great deal to say about that, too, and it's likely that one who shows no adaptability for service in an embassy or legation, but who shows good results in work of a more commercial

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nature, will spend the greater part of his career as a consul and ultimately as a consul general. Some European countries have the same system, with Great Britain as the outstanding exception. Germany and Japan, both of whom maintain efficient services, have the same interchangeable system which now prevails in our own foreign service. One can readily see that an all-around officer may be better developed if his knowledge of diplomacy is based on a thorough understanding of commerce and its attendant conditions.

Since the War, more and more interest has been turned toward the proper development of an effective foreign service. Throughout the country, especially among the university men, there has noticeably been an increasing surge of romantic spirit for life abroad in bizarre places, there to see and know the real world, and in the words of those young enchanted, to *live*. The foreign service, as a career to be followed, has led in fascination from the start, due perhaps to its colorful stage setting in movies and novels, while embassies and legations have always tended to associate themselves in the popular conception with nobility, royalty, excellencies and intrigue. The average young diploma holder in this country has subconsciously a weakness for these things. More important than all this, which is after all nine-tenths imaginative, our commerce has spread with such rapid effectiveness, our public has become so interested in investing in foreign securities, and our world position has become so important that it is only natural that the young men of the nation should begin to look to the various foreign fields as the logical stage of American market expansion and at the same time of their individual opportunities to make a place in the sun. Interest in the service has been a corollary to this development. And, parenthetically, it may be said here that the service in general has improved in leaps and bounds since the War. But my purpose in this article is two-fold, not only to acquaint those interested in the foreign service with what serving in the field constitutes on the personal as well as professional side, but also to point out some of the handicaps, or weaknesses, under which the service at present labors. When and if these maladies are remedied, the service cannot avoid being a more efficient one, and a more useful one to the nation.

From the standpoint of an American

Keystone

Home of the American Ambassador in London

I dislike saying so, but to enter the foreign service today, an officer is greatly handicapped if he does not have at least some outside income. I shall add to this by saying that if he is married it is practically essential that he have outside income. It is difficult to say how much additional monetary support an officer should have annually, but the initial salary is $2500 minus five per cent, which is detracted by the Government to pay for retirement privileges, and when you visualize what is expected of you, a monthly sum of less than $200 does not go far. Don't forget that all Americans are supposed to be well off in most foreign eyes, and that no matter how inexpensive the post, you'll come in for higher prices than your Argentine, Portuguese and Greek colleagues, be they consular or diplomatic. And don't forget, too, that in most foreign groups in countries abroad, there is an extraordinary amount of entertaining, and that the higher you go in rank, especially if married, the heavier your share will be. Diplomatic representatives of several of the European powers are given representation allowances, which cover a large part if not all of their entertaining expenses. Most commercial houses, American or European, allow their managerial staffs certain sums for the same purpose, but you won't get any if you are entering the Foreign Service of the United States, because such a thing as an allowance for representation doesn't exist; and I can hear one glorious howl from the Congressmen from the more open spaces, if ever a bill containing such insidious suggestions is presented to Congress.

On the vacations which I have fortunately been granted "with permission to visit the United States"—so it goes in State Department phraseology — I have never once had my way home or back to my post paid by the Government. Every nickel of it has come out of my pocket. Although there are provisions in the Rogers Act of 1924 which allow an officer who has served more than three years continuously in the field, to apply for an amount covering his expenses to and from his home in the United States, the possibilities of his getting this boon are slim; usually the appropriation to draw from is infinitesimal in amount and is depleted after the first fifteen days of the fiscal year. One glaring case of injustice as administered by our Government is the case of one of our consuls who has served since 1914 at various posts in Japan. The gentleman in question had been at his present post without a day's vacation for six years, and when the Department told him that he might receive his expenses for the trip back to America for himself, wife and two children, he was naturally delighted. The children, as I remember, had never seen their own

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country, and it had been so long since his wife had been home that she was afraid all her friends had forgotten her. Just before he expected to sail, a matter of official business came up that necessitated his remaining on post for an additional month or two, so he packed his family off on the steamer, and promised to join them in the United States just as soon as the particular job was successfully terminated. A few weeks later a cable came from the State Department to the effect that it was too bad, and all that, but that after all there was no money available for the transportation for the consul and his family, but it was hoped that in the ensuing year funds might be obtainable. So unless an unrelenting State Department has been prevailed upon to change its mind in the mean time, the trip home and back for his family will take just two-thirds of a year's salary from an already overdrained pocket.

It is rather difficult to outline the duties of a Foreign Service officer when he is "on post," or serving abroad. Despite the fact that the literature which is at the disposal of any one who applies to the State Department undertakes to describe them in detail, I found that my duties as a diplomatic secretary ranged anywhere from advising tourists where the best geisha house could be found, to importing hay for an Ambassador's horses. However, do not assume that the work is light and not to be taken seriously—a Vice Consul will keep busy for several years on passports and visas, and the attendant regulations, on preparing commercial reports and statistics, on preparing consular invoices, and will never get beyond the point where querulous men or women will not put to him questions of an impossible nature. I shall never forget what an unpleasant time I had with a fuming old lady who said her own country's diplomatic service was flagrantly inefficient—all because she asked me, in Tokyo, how long it would take a cable message to be sent from Buenos Aires to London, and I told her I hadn't the slightest idea. When I suggested that she apply to a cable office for such information she put her head in the air, and said that her congressman "would hear about this" when she got home. It is cases of this sort which require far more diplomacy than the signing of treaties and other international matters.

The life is an attractive one as a rule, depending to an extent on where the officer serves, his friends and general contacts, and on the kind of work he must do. The people with whom one comes into contact usually are of the best class of the city and country in which the officer resides, and there is no reason that I can see why his life should not be a broad one. I always felt that the service was one of the best ways in which I, as a small fellow, could keep my finger in a large pie, and at the same time learn something beyond the horizon of the average American, read, and do other things, to an extent almost impossible in ordinary commercial life in this country.

It is quite true that the Foreign Service provides no plain, humdrum existence, whatever its faults or virtues may be. But at the same time, life in the various posts an officer will be sent to, will have many shortcomings which are difficult to describe unless one has lived extensively abroad, and even then unless he has had to live in some of the more outlying countries. Don't forget that there are as many diplomatic posts in Latin America as in all the rest of the world put together and that you as a prospective officer will have to do your share there where the work is important and probably interesting, but where possibly private existence is not what you would have it be. Furthermore, you may not draw one of the pleasant large cities like Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago or Mexico. Watching ships enter the harbor through a vista of palm trees may be very alluring as you now sit quietly in these United States and not really conscious of the small, yet very important American comforts to which you are accustomed; but spend four years actually watching those ships come in, the only thing to look forward to from week to week, and let the sweat pour from your body twelve months out of the year, and take care not to scratch flea bites even though you are tempted to, because you may contract blood poisoning; and listen to the cockroaches scatter when you open the ice box for cool water on a hot night. I am painting all this in a dark color for the obvious purpose of explaining that serving one's country beyond the seas is not all glory, and of disenchanting certain young men who hold too romantic a view of the life, as a whole—so much so in fact that they might regret it after serving three or four years and resign. If a man is really interested in seeing American interests prosper in the foreign field and is really willing to work hard for that purpose, and at the same time, if it so

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Ewing Galloway

The American Legation in Nicaragua

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Will Women Wear Them?

By ANN DEVON

There is a new topic for the dinner table, displacing prohibition. Will women return to long skirts? The editors, frankly, are divided. The author is not; she foresees a rebellion which will end with woman dictating to the fashion dictators

EVERY YEAR in late August and early September the timorous, to whom the mode is important, and those who view with alarm radical and sudden changes, receive one of the jolts so satisfying to persons easily jolted. The store windows are cluttered with weird and startling creations that send the viewers with alarm into ecstasies, and the ground-gripper moralists home to their typewriters to announce the annual marriage of sin and the mode.

By the time October draws near, the alarmists and the moralists are obliged to seek other worries. Determined women who have decided what they want have refused to be badgered or stampeded into buying the models dictated by the fashion arbiters. Modification gradually sets in, and when November is well under way woman can abide with more equanimity her last season's clothing, provided it has not seen too active service.

There seems to be a widespread notion, entertained by women altogether sane themselves, that women are fashion-mad and cannot approach a new season without apprehension unless they can see their way to renovate their wardrobes entirely and cast into the discard the major portion, if not the whole. This is, no doubt, true of many, but any one who can do a simple problem in averages may very easily discover that the percentage of whom this is true is possibly .0001. It is inclusive of those whose chief aim in life is to be photographed and exhibited in Sunday supplements and the so-called smart periodicals.

Woman's independence has manifested itself nowhere else as sensibly and as sharply as in her relation to her wearing apparel. In fact, it seems to be one of her few accomplishments of late years to which she can point with unrestrained pride. She has, with very commendable hardihood, served notice by deeds, not words, on the manufacturers and style mandarins that so and so she will have, and this and that she will refuse to accept. With each season there is a concentrated effort on the part of the clothing magnates to alter line and design so drastically as to necessitate the scrapping of entire wardrobes. And each year woman grows a trifle more complacent about wearing what she likes and what she will. The designers and fashion dictators are now powerless to force her, as they once could, to gush about every innovation.

A further decided trend is noticeable, too, to those who have opportunity to observe the shopping of the wealthy. There is a tendency on the part of many women of unlimited income to patronize the less exclusive and expensive shops for many of their gowns. This in itself does credit to their intelligence. Formerly the purchase of a Paris model was a guarantee of originality and individuality. To-day before we can get ourselves and our trunks back from the French capital, our model six-hundred-dollar gowns are being displayed on all the side streets in Manhattan for fifty-nine fifty; and at a short distance, not even the original maker could tell the two apart. It may even happen that there is not an iota of difference in the quality, the additional cost being chargeable to tariff for revenue and that non-existent exclusiveness we thought we were buying. Piracy is rampant in every business today. One shop puts up Swiss curtains and latticed windows, and its rival the next morning apes with pale peach. And so the clothing merchant hunts the line which will be a good seller. He has no scruples about adopting without adapting what his neighbor has invented. Women have learned this and are guided accordingly.

Brown Brothers

Croquet costume of twenty years ago

True, this wholesale copying of models deprives us of originality; on the other hand, reduced operating costs have brought within the reach of moderate and modest incomes wearing apparel which previously only the wealthy could afford to buy. So while organization and standardization may represent certain definite drawbacks, the benefits greatly outweigh the losses. Certainly the influence upon style of the increasingly large number of women in business is not to be despised. Nor is the circumstance apt to prove insignificant. Rather the contrary, since it keeps the designers on their mettle to provide a combination of the practical with the aesthetic.

There are certain stock criticisms common to the captious. One and all they hurrah for individuality, though scarcely one of them if put to it could design or even suggest the design of an original, much less beautiful creation. Since they do not seem to know it, it is time they were told that individuality in wearing apparel, in fact in any line, is the most costly (and admittedly the most desirable) bauble, and conformity the least expensive. And therefore we have a common sense answer which should be obvious at a glance. Limited means are the rule and not the exception. Where our incomes are extremely slim our choice of costumes narrows accordingly. Richness of material lends itself readily to simple design and the tawdriness of fluff disguises shoddy. So that when we criticise, as we so often do, the saucy, gum-chewing little clerk for her bad taste in dress, we are censuring her for a fault largely out of her control, a

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matter not of education but of dollars and cents. Sometimes she finds a way; in which case the critics turn to her morals and her manners. But we cannot escape the fact that the subject of woman's wear and economy are inseparable.

The present generation has to its credit one indisputable triumph: we have robbed the health faddists of a leaf from their book in our insistence upon the decency of abbreviated costumes for swimming. In this we have shown a stauncher morale than the much mentioned Rainy Daisies of thirty years ago; for our accomplishment represents a brush with the law and wearing down its resistance. We may even claim to be more moral, since we do more swimming and less lolling about the beach than the well-enveloped prudes of the day before yesterday. We seem, too, to have gained in understanding of appropriateness. If we do go about half naked on the beach, at least we are more decently covered when we dine, dance or attend the theatre which our grandmothers and our mothers graced in dresses with as little above the waist as we wear below the knee.

Brown Brothers

The days of real sport

Prophecy has the danger as well as the spice of adventure. The display windows are now full of hideous mishaps, long-legged and short-waisted, which the stylists and fashion experts are doing their utmost to cram on our bodies. It is doubtful if they will succeed unless they are willing to make concessions. Or if they do succeed, their triumph will be short-lived.

Are there any sound reasons on which to base our belief that the fashion arbiters will be routed by their clientele? First and foremost is the eternal quest of youth. Styles of the past few years show more rejuvenations on the credit side of the ledger than Voronoff. Many women of thirty-five and over have by heroic measures reduced their weight from one hundred and sixty-five or more to one hundred and forty-five pounds. There nature rebelled, defying them to get rid of another ounce. Then the stylist came to their rescue with abbreviations of skirts and clever elongations of waistline that hid the worst bumps, the whole producing the illusion of *fausse maigre* so dear to woman because of its suggestion of immaturity. Woman not only looked younger, since the figure is apt to age sooner than the face; her transformation had a psychologic effect. She felt younger. Mother, who had been on the shelf at forty-five, got herself down, and if she could not swing a tennis racket, she took up golf. Now come the dictators with a form-fitting mode to reveal all her defects and make her look not only her years, but older.

Will she submit? Not without a struggle. Her opponents have placed themselves at a disadvantage in sponsoring a style that is equally trying to the human string bean and the plump partridge, and for once the two are hanging together. Woman is not going to relinquish her youthful appearance simply to solve the economic problem of merchants. For this new and radical departure is the outcome of an economic problem. Styles during recent years have changed so little from season to season that we could carry our costumes over from one year to the next and pass them off as new. Naturally this meant, except in the case of easy money, or the fashion mad, a curtailment of expenditure by women, and for the merchant an alarming shrinkage in sales volume.

The rebellion has been recognized and intentionally or not, abetted by one of the most famous *couturiers* of Paris. Of thirty or more original drawings submitted to one of his regular clients in Manhattan not one design showed the slightest suggestion of radical change; not one was the least bit *outré*. None had the waistline under the arm pits, and in none of the costumes was there a trailing skirt with an unbroken hem line. This was true both of the formal evening gowns and the dinner frocks. The afternoon costumes were only slightly longer than those of the season just past. The *couturier* in question has behind him a consistent record of successful guessing what women will and will not accept.

I quote from one of his booklets brought to me by a friend just returned from Paris. The booklet is contrasting the styles of 1830 with those of 1930:

"The most striking thing in this evolution of the modern silhouette is the manner in which it has adapted itself to the expression and the personality of the woman.

"Heretofore it was necessary for the woman to adapt herself to the mode and this adaptation was not always happy.

"Skirts, for example had to be a certain length. No attention was paid

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The Trend of Events

"Fall Guy"

EARLY THIS YEAR Representative Michaelson of Illinois went on trial at Key West, Florida. It transpired that Michaelson and a party of friends had made a tour of the West Indies, that on his return the party's luggage had been passed without customs inspection, and that, owing to a leaky bottle, a sizable stock of liquor had been found in one of the trunks at Jacksonville. For a while things looked a little strange, particularly in view of the fact that Representative Michaelson had voted for the Jones law. It all cleared up beautifully, however, in the end, and that was how a curious country first heard the name of Walter Gramm, Chicago coal dealer and Michaelson's brother-in-law. Mr. Gramm explained that the liquor in the trunk was his. Mr. Michaelson therefore was freed.

Not so Mr. Gramm. That leaky trunk cost Mr. Gramm a thousand dollars, the amount of the fine recently imposed on him in Federal court at Tampa. Like the trial of Mr. Michaelson, the trial of Mr. Gramm had unexpected features. For example, counsel for the defense maintained that Mr. Gramm was a "fall guy." The implication of that was clear. It was a good deal clearer when Judge Akermann, passing sentence, declared: "I have no desire to punish him [Gramm] for the faults of the escaped Congressman, one of those who votes dry and drinks wet."

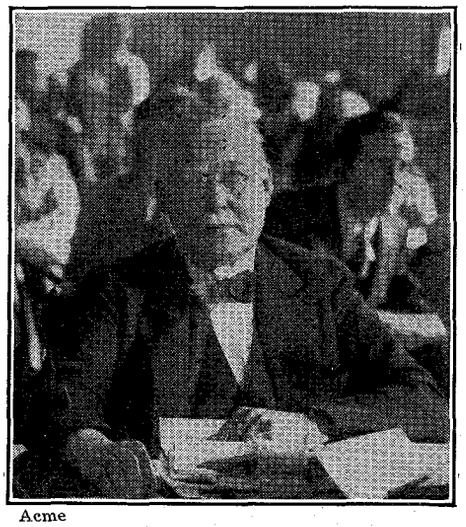
This was a rather pleasant ending to the Michaelson affair. It was so much more good-natured than a silly old indictment for a little thing like perjury.

Why Lobby?

THE INVESTIGATION OF a special committee of the Senate provides a clinching answer to the question, "Why lobby?" The answer is, "Why not, if it works?"

The plain truth is that an efficient lobby at Washington is often able to influence public opinion and even more often able to influence Congress. The equally plain truth is that those who have interests in Congressional legislation and do not lobby are apt to be left out in the cold. Testifying before the lobby committee, Herbert C. Lakin, president of a sugar corporation with holdings in Cuba valued at $175,000,000, frankly explained why he had been working to keep down the sugar rates. "You think, then, that your business would be up against it unless it was represented in Washington?" Senator Caraway asked. Mr. Lakin replied: "I am sorry to say that, from my ten months' experience in Washington, that is the case."

"It is helpful for us to be here," testified Joseph R. Grundy, head of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association. Congress, he said, stood in need



Acme

JOSEPH R. GRUNDY
Pennsylvania manufacturer and dean of Tariff lobbyists

of tariff advice at all times. The spirit, if not the letter, of Senator Borah's pronouncements on protection is now quite different from what it was before the Presidential election, and Mr. Grundy did not fail to point this out. Senator Borah, he said, is "the embodiment of one of many reasons" why industrialists should be in Washington to "offset the determined efforts of one who, in the campaign, publicly proclaimed himself and his party to be for one thing, and, when the campaign is over and the people have voted for the pledges made, stands for quite another thing."

Members of Congress who profess to be amazed at the number and the claims of lobbyists in Washington might well examine their hearts, minds, and records. Congressmen are buttonholed because it has been proved possible, notably by the so-called moral lobby, to buttonhole Congressmen effectively. Senator Walsh, examining Mr. Grundy, declared that, of sixty-five leading Pennsylvania industries, forty-two had won higher rates in the Senate tariff bill. Say what you will, that's producing the goods. Likewise, the lobby committee, reporting to the Senate on the Bingham-Eyanson case, announced that, of fifty-two leading Connecticut industries, the Senate bill had given higher rates to forty-four. Whatever else it is, that's bringing home the bacon.

This and That

IT IS NOT YET PRACTICABLE to take off nonchalantly from Newfoundland in frosty weather, flying a single-motored, open-cockpit, 700-pound land plane, and attempt the hop to London. The probable fate of U. F. Diteman, pilot and Montana cattleman, indicates that. It is, however, practicable to take 169 persons aloft in a three-decked twelve-motored seaplane and keep them aloft for nearly an hour. A recent test of Dr. Claude Dornier's DO-X over Lake Constance indicates that. If Diteman's failure suggests that flying has its limitations, Dornier's success suggests that these limitations are being broken down.

That authorities do not regard the DO-X as a freak is revealed by the fact that two sister ships, the DO-X2 and the DO-X3, are being built for Italy. It is revealed again by the fact that the British Air Ministry has ordered a British firm to construct a flying boat of similar dimensions. It is, perhaps, revealed again by the announcement that the Dornier Corporations of America has been organized by General Motors and the Fokker Aircraft Corporation to manufacture Dornier-designed flying boats. At first, it is expected, the new corporation will build only four-motored seaplanes; if DO-X's prove their worth, however, we may yet see them turned out in quantities.

Checking up on accidents in naval aviation during the past eight years, the Navy Department discloses that nearly half of them involved tail spins. It would appear, then, its report declares, that the commercial aircraft of the future must be so designed that it cannot be spun. The Department had hardly got the words out of its mouth when

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Alexander Lippisch, German inventor, brought forward a plane, which might, perhaps, perform a spin but which certainly could not perform a proper kind of tail-spin, since it has no tail. Neither has it any power plant to speak of. An eight-horsepower motor and a pusher propellor shoves along this craft, which is mainly wings, at a speed of seventy-eight miles an hour. It will sell for $800, and is said to be so stable that any one can fly it after a few lessons.

Take this news of a seven-day period, add the news that the International Zeppelin Transport Corporation has been formed to establish a transatlantic service, that the Pacific Zeppelin Transport Company, Ltd., has been organized to operate a thirty-six hour service between California and Hawaii, that the Universal Aviation Corporation and Western Air Express will together open up a thirty-six hour, all-air passenger service between New York and Los Angeles—take that, add this, and you need not be far-sighted to see ahead to a new era in transportation.

▶▶*Clemenceau*

On the night of October 20, Georges Clemenceau's heart grew feeble. He breathed heavily and fell into a coma. A doctor, called to the house, administered injections; the crisis passed. Two days later, the Tiger, burning brighter, arose at six a.m. and got in several hours of good hard work at his desk. The next day he assured his physicians that all doctors were donkeys, and soon resumed his hobbies, writing memoirs, working with his hands, and being gruff. Summoning the vitality which served him in good stead during the War, though he was then over seventy—he is now eighty-eight—he had signed another lease on life.

Which may have afforded him only moderate satisfaction. He has often said that he is ready to go anytime now. Determined to go quietly, he has perfected elaborate, and probably futile, plans to that end. "When it happens," he told one reporter, "none of you fellows will know anything about it. I have made all arrangements and I shall have been buried before anything is known." No doubt it exasperated him to learn how thoroughly the newspapers had covered his heart attack. Usually he denies stories that he has been ill and ejects inquiring newspaper men. He did so a month ago, when it was learned that Dr. Degennes, who attended Marshal Foch, had been sent for, and rumored that Clemenceau had overworked on his memoirs.

Another version of that rumor has reached us. It is that Doctor Degennes was called to attend, not M. Clemenceau, but a peasant girl, Marthe Renault, whom the old gentleman has taken under his wing. One of a poor family of eleven children, Marthe has been an invalid since being operated on for appendicitis two years ago. When she became worse, Clemenceau, growling a little less carefully than usual, sent for one of the top-loftiest physicians in France. Or so, at least, we hear. It's our favorite heart-of-gold-beneath-the-rough-exterior story for 1929.

▶▶*France Changes Cabinets*

"That's at least one Cabinet they can't accuse me of overthrowing," Clemenceau growled when he heard of the Briand Government's downfall. M. Briand became Premier of France for the eleventh time when he succeeded the ailing Poincaré on July 29. Voted out of office on October 22, the day the Chamber of Deputies assembled, he was the victim of reviving political ambitions. When Poincaré became Premier in 1926 to save the franc, the party blocs temporarily abandoned their bickering. With the currency stabilized, trade flourishing, unemployment greatly reduced, and a surplus in the treasury, the need to forswear politics lessened. Moreover, the three months of continued truce, which Briand sought when he took over Poincaré's duties, had ended. Members of the Right, who disliked his foreign policies, therefore combined with members of the Left, who disliked his Ministry's personnel and financial program, voted no confidence in Briand and his Cabinet and turned them out.

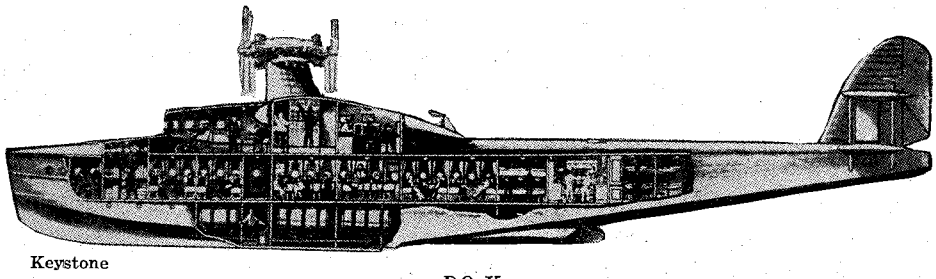
Apostle of international peace, Briand had been expected to play a leading part, as Premier of his own Cabinet or Foreign Minister of another's, in the adoption of the Young reparations plan, the evacuation of the Rhineland and the Saar, and the framing of a naval disarmament treaty. His fall brought pledges from the Left to continue his foreign policies, but grumblings on the Right suggested that he was being punished for the humiliation of France by Mr. Snowden at The Hague, the withdrawal of British support on the Continent, and the spectral rise of an Anglo-American entente. In London, Berlin, Washington, and Rome fears as to what might happen with Briand out of the Government gave way to confidence that, even so, his plans would go forward.

As for Briand himself, he had been out of office before, notably in 1922, when the Deputies dismissed him for conciliatory foreign policies and put Poincaré in his place. After Poincaré marched into the Ruhr, Briand returned and his policies were realized. It was natural that Edward Daladier, attempting to form a Cabinet, should seek out M. Briand. If his health remains good, Briand will probably return again and again, with his cigarette, bushy mustache, shabby clothes, high dreams, and bobbing spirits. France can well do without him as Premier. It cannot so well do without him as Foreign Minister.

▶▶*Presidential Rebuke*

The Republican party's poor relations —Florida, North Carolina, Virginia, and Texas politicians—are having trouble finding their proper places at the patronage table. Mr. Hoover has warned them to learn nicer party manners or relinquish hopes of reward for their behavior last November. Aping those who have sat at table ever since the party began, the Southerners raised a cry for jobs. The spoils, they argued simply, belong to the victors. Sternly, the President has replied that good government, not patronage, is the wall motto in the Administration dining-room.

The discourse on political etiquette followed a squabble over the appoint-



Keystone

DO-X

The three-decked, twelve-motored Dornier plane which recently carried 169 persons

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ment of a United States Attorney for the Southern District of Florida. The regular State organization presented name after name, trusting that one would suit the Presidential fancy. None did. Mindful both of Florida liquor smuggling and of watchful drys, Mr. Hoover finally nominated W. P. Hughes, who lacked political backing, but who had showed ability in enforcing the dry laws while serving in the Department of Justice. He then issued a patronage message with a razor edge.

Responsibility for appointments, he wrote to a Florida Republican, rests on the President, not on any political organization. "That responsibility is one of the most sacred which he assumes upon his oath of office." Men must be appointed who will execute the laws "with integrity and without fear, favor, or political collusion."

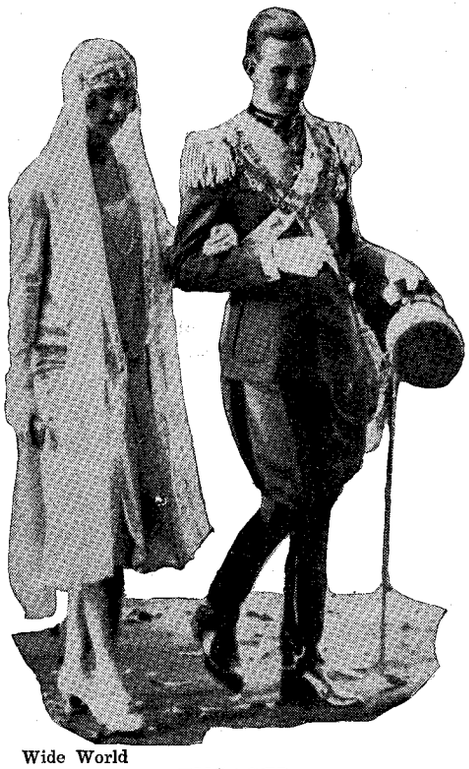
Political considerations will be recognized, but must be subordinated to public service. Candidates suggested by the Florida organization will be accepted only when they measure up. Florida leaders who wish to dictate appointments without regard to merit may keep wishing.

Plainly the letter is meant to be read by all Southern Republicans who have been threatening revolt. Taken in connection with other things, it may prove confusing. Not long ago Mr. Hoover nominated Richard J. Hopkins of Kansas for a Federal judgeship despite the objections of Attorney General Mitchell. Noble pronouncements on patronage apparently leave the Kansas Senators, Capper and Allen, unawed. Moreover, Senator Reed wrested the nomination of Robert Watson as a Federal judge for Pennsylvania over the protests of former-Governor Pinchot and Senior Circuit Judge Buffington. Probably it's all very perplexing to Southern Republicans. Maybe they had better just concentrate on the letter alone.

▶▶Hoover on the Ohio

RAIN DRIPPED FAITHFULLY from the Presidential hatbrim while Mr. Hoover made his first extended trip since Inauguration Day. It poured as he paused to participate in Light's Golden Jubilee at Detroit. It poured as he took up his journey's chief business, the glorification on inland waterways.

At Cincinnati in the rain he dedicated a granite shaft commemorating the completion of a nine-foot channel for the full thousand-mile length of the Ohio River. Then, boarding the tug, Greenbrier, he joined the parade of vessels that had already proceeded, between cheering bankside throngs, from Pittsburgh to Wheeling on its way to the mouth of the river at Cairo, Ill. Followed a stormy night spent in midstream off the Indiana shore. The next afternoon he disembarked damply at Louisville. He had planned to make his principal speech from the deck of



Wide World

ENGAGED

Prince Humbert and Princess Marie photographed at a recent wedding

the Greenbrier, but, fearing that he had already left a trail of pneumonia through the Middle West, he delivered it instead in the rain-proof War Memorial Auditorium.

The discomforts were stoically borne. Mr. Hoover admittedly "luxuriates" in such projects as the canalization of the Ohio, in such further projects as he mentioned in his speech at Louisville. His policy, he said, is to modernize all waterways "which will show economic justification in aid of our farmers and industries." He favors modernizing 5000 miles of navigable streams in the Mississippi system in the next five years. He also recommends the further improvement of harbors, the building of a thousand miles of intracoastal canals, the stabilization of the Great Lakes levels, and the development with Canada of the St. Lawrence waterway. "The total construction of these works . . . amounts to projects three and four times as great as the Panama Canal."

All this will cost about $20,000,000 more annually than the $85,000,000 a year we now spend on waterways, though after five years much of the work will have been completed. The annual increase, Mr. Hoover pointed out, equals about half the cost of a battleship. Even the highly nationalistic Middle West, which has been demanding improved waterways and cheaper transportation as measures of farm relief, should see the force of this argument for the conversion of swords into dredges.

▶▶Bedtime Story

WELL, KIDDIES, THE BEDTIME story for tonight is all about a Prince and a Princess. It seems that 'way over in Italy, where people wear black skirts so it won't show when they spill their spaghetti, there live a King and Queen. For all their crowns and sceptres, they are just the nicest folks, as simple and genuine as any one. They live quietly and try to keep their names and private affairs out of the papers; in fact, King Victor Emmanuel is so fond of privacy that he leaves a lot of his ruling to a Mr. Mussolini.

This King and Queen have a son, Prince Humbert, who is tall, handsome, brilliant, athletic, fearless, and honorable—everything a Prince should be. When Humbert was just a little boy, his favorite playmate was Princess Marie José, daughter of the King and Queen of Belgium. Now the Princess Marie José was beautiful, as blonde as Humbert was dark, and the Prince liked her very much. She liked him, too, but she never thought of him except as one of her many playmates. For, like all beautiful Princesses, she knew that, when the time came for her to marry, she would choose only the man she loved.

So, imagine every one's surprise, when Princess Marie José, growing up, discovered that the man she loved best was no other than Prince Humbert. She curled up on her father's knee one night and whispered the secret. "You shall have him," cried King Albert, "be he Emperor or automobile salesman!" There was some trouble when the Prince went up to visit the Princess and was shot at by a man who didn't like his father or his father's friend, Mussolini. But the man missed, and everybody admired

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the Prince more because he was brave.

So now the Belgians and Italians are as pleased as can be. Even Mr. Mussolini likes it. It will be nice to have Belgium and Italy united this way, but nobody really gives a fig for that part of it, they are all so tickled that the beautiful Princess and the handsome Prince are really, truly in love. So now, goodnight, kiddies, and sleep tight. Or are you asleep already?

▶▶Ideal Radio Hour

HAROLD A. LAFOUNT of the Federal Radio Commission is in search of the ideal radio program. His plan is to arrange a series of one-hour test programs, under Government auspices, to be broadcast throughout the country.

In case Mr. LaFount would like to broadcast a test program with us in mind, we are glad to suggest one:

8:00—Mabel Walker Willebrandt, "In Defense of the Saloon."

8:05—Song, Big Bill Thompson, "God Save the King."

8:10—Encore, with variations on the machine-gun.

8:15—Anne Lindbergh, "How to Handle a Stay-At-Home Husband."

8:20—Joseph R. Grundy, "Free Trade Forever."

8.25—Mayor Broening of Baltimore, "Flagpole Sitters I Have Known."

8.30—Aimee Semple McPherson, "Complete Handbook and Guide to the Paris Underworld."

8:35—Statement by Henry Ford, "This Is My Last Statement."

8:40—Pause for Effect.

8:45—Greetings from Senator Heflin to the Pope of Rome, followed by a ukulele selection by Tom Heflin, Jr., "Ain't Misbehavin'."

8:50—Clarence Darrow, "What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear."

8:55—Readings from *The Outlook and Independent.*

▶▶Playing for Pay

"BULLETIN 23," REPRESENTING a three-and-one-half-year study of college athletics by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, has been completed. Its publication brought forth a hoary, out-of-date stranger and plumped him down in the midst of the flourishing football season. "Meet old Academic Ideal," said the investigators to college heads, athletic directors, alumni, and the general public. The college heads, at least, had the grace to stammer and blush.

Dignified deans and presidents disliked to be publicly informed by so reputable an institution as the Carnegie Foundation that its estimate of one subsidized athlete of every seven in the 130 colleges investigated is conservative; that sergeants, sometimes the "Doc Linament" of the football squad, recruit for promising material in preparatory schools; that hard-hitting right fielders need have no scholastic worries; that dashing halfbacks often carry the ball not only for dear old Slapdash but for so much a week.

But how can million-dollar stadia be filled, how can coaches be paid, and bulky, incidental expenses met with teams that play like amateurs for the sake of the sport? How is the college spirit of millionaire old grads to be kindled in the interest of fat endowment funds? How is dear old Slapdash to get its quota of publicity? Realistically the universities have answered by assembling crack athletes and staging spectacles, during the fall season, for crowds who take their football as they take professional baseball and boxing. The noble estate of learning has been leased at three or four, sometimes forty, dollars a seat to furnish amusement and thrills to a prosperous country.

Dr. Henry S. Pritchett of the Foundation places the responsibility squarely on presidents and faculties. Return athletics to their proper place in college life, he advises. Let the high-salaried coach, the cashier's office, the undignified ballyhoo, the dumb-scholar-but-crack-quarterback, the long trips in Pullman trains be abandoned. Perhaps eventually something of this sort may happen. Perhaps. Such sentiments do chime in harmoniously with the opinions of some presidents and under-graduates, who resent seeing ice men and iron puddlers in college sweaters. But it will take time and courage and many more such eye-openers as "Bulletin 23."

▶▶Carolina Justice

THE JURY SITTING IN THE TRIAL of seven Communists and labor organizers for the murder of Police Chief Aderholt of Gastonia wasted little time on intricate deliberations. In fifty-seven minutes it found all seven defendants guilty of second-degree murder, of felonious assault, and of assault with a deadly weapon. The three Southern defendants received sentences ranging from five to fifteen years. The four Northerners, those "foreign Communists" whom Solicitor Carpenter had denounced as "fiends incarnate," received sentences ranging from seventeen to twenty years.

The Gaston County Grand Jury which had returned the indictments on which these defendants were tried refused to indict any of the nine men

Wide World

ALL GUILTY

The seven defendants in the Charlotte trial who were convicted of second-degree murder

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accused of the killing of Ella May Wiggins. Mrs. Wiggins was slain while riding from Gastonia to attend a labor meeting at Bessemer City. The truck in which she rode with several other mill workers was turned back by an anti-Communist mob, then stopped by a group of men in an automobile, and showered with bullets. "Insufficient evidence," reported the Grand Jury to a surprised judge of the Superior Court, who replied that its investigation must continue.

"Insufficient evidence" also accounted for the same Grand Jury's failure to indict seven others charged with kidnapping three Communist organizers from a Gastonia boarding-house. The three were taken to a spot near Concord, where one of them was flogged. A week before the Grand Jury reported, four defendants charged with the flogging were tried in Concord and acquitted. The jury apparently accepted the defense contention that the flogging was a communist frame-up.

Taken together, these four cases tell a story with a painful point. They cannot but distress any one who had believed that, even in the midst of its industrial troubles, North Carolina would dispense decently even-handed justice in its courts and under its laws.

▶▶Fall Convicted

THE VERDICT, "GUILTY, with a recommendation to the mercy of the court," ended the trial of former-Secretary of the Interior Fall on a charge of accepting a bribe from Edward L. Doheny. It also meant that Doheny would be tried on a charge of giving the bribe in question. Not unnaturally, then, Doheny considered the verdict unsatisfactory. So, no doubt, did Fall, his counsel, relatives, and friends. So did a few emotional women in the courtroom, one of whom criticized her juror husband as a "miserable rat." However, the outcome seems to have set well with the country as a whole.

The four women and eight men of the jury have won no little praise for preserving level heads in trying circumstances. Powerful pleas to their sympathies were made both intentionally and inadvertently. Doheny and Fall are old men. Fall, obviously broken, was brought into court daily in a wheel chair, then placed in a Morris chair and swathed in blankets. Defense Counsel Hogan rang the changes on the "tragic figure slumped in yonder chair." His words soon drew tears from Juror No. 8, Mrs. Ollie O. Walker, fifty-nine-year-old housewife. There were the usual emotional irrelevancies. Thus, when Prosecutor Pomerene quoted Samuel Johnson's "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," Mr. Hogan made the point that Dr. Johnson had slandered George Washington.

Possibly the jury was impressed by Prosecutor Roberts' succinct statement that there were four things for it to remember. "One is that Doheny wanted the lease of the Elk Hills. The second is, Fall wanted money. The third is, Doheny got the lease, and the fourth is, Fall got the money." At any rate, the jurors plainly kept their sympathies under control and decided according to their intelligence.

HARANGUES HISSERS
Leopold Stokowski deplores demonstration by New York audience

This has been interpreted as a compliment not only to the jury in this case but to the jury system in general. The verdict, it is intimated, will prop up the system all along the line. If so, it comes at an opportune time. The system stands in need of a few props after the demonstration it recently gave in North Carolina.

▶▶Stokowski Objects

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, golden-haired conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is determined to make modern music. His listeners may either hold their ears or surrender their seats to those who enjoy it. So, in effect, he told a New York audience when a few hisses enlivened the scattered applause following the presentation of Arnold Schoenberg's "Variations for Orchestra, Opus 31." He urged his hearers to broaden their tolerance toward present-day music, for, he said, he intends to play the best of it, together with the greatest music of the past, as long as he has strength enough to wave a baton.

Oh, pioneer? Say, rather, oh, Stokowski. The brave, bold, pronouncement would be braver and bolder, were there not several other outstanding conductors who sensibly mix modernism into their programs, precisely as Stokowski does, but with less fuss about it. Truth is, Stokowski dearly loves his little sensation. Three years ago, to rebuke late comers, he played an entire program with members of his orchestra straggling on and off the platform. The following year he elected to conduct in a darkened hall, with a single amber light above his shapely head. This season, ticket holders who arrive late must wait forty-five minutes in the lobby and enter after the intermission. Stokowski, spoiled darling of Philadelphia and New York society, and one of the finest conductors in the world, knows that, should he choose to play his score backwards and conduct from a tightrope, tickets to his concerts would still be as rubies.

A hiss, when all is said and done, what is it? Hissing is a custom in good and regular standing in musical audiences both here and abroad; the Schoenberg work was heartily hissed in music-loving Germany. Moreover, hissing indicates that to some extent there still survives that capacity for indignation, which, according to Heywood Broun, America so woefully lacks. Stokowski presumably gives weight to expressions of approval. Why should he not give weight to expressions of disapproval, provided they come after, and not during, the music?

▶▶Congested Streets

IN RULING THAT MEMBERS of his audiences, even New Yorkers, must arrive on time or miss the first half of the program, Mr. Stokowski forgets that he may be punishing many who, having bolted their dinners and started

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with the best intentions, are late nevertheless. Traffic congestion. Present in all big cities, in New York it is at its biggest and best. A billion-dollar program for its relief, providing for the needs of the next twenty years, has just been presented to Mayor Walker. As one reads this report, fantastic prophecies regarding the city of the future begin to take concrete shape.

The major projects, some of which already are under way, include a Triborough Bridge, linking the Bronx and Queens with Manhattan; a midtown vehicular tunnel under the East River, with a crosstown tube extension; a Brooklyn to Queens highway costing $70,000,000; east and west side marginal highways to carry through traffic from lower Manhattan to the Bronx; and a vehicular tunnel from the Battery to Brooklyn. After these have been attended to, the report proposes a $200,000,000 vehicular tunnel extending nearly the full length of Manhattan Island with most of its course under Fifth Avenue, and a bridge at Tenth Street over the East River to Brooklyn. It is recommended that, as soon as rapid transit needs permit, elevated lines and trolley cars be abandoned in the interest of unobstructed streets.

The plans are both comprehensive and ambitious. Carried briskly forward, they should be just about completed by the time the airplane comes into its own and the automobile becomes a quaint relic of another era. Note that many of the proposed improvements are tunnels. New Yorkers of the future may need them. With the air filled with droning, and, undoubtedly, crashing planes, tunnels may become the only safe and pleasant thoroughfares for the meditative and life-loving citizen, out for a stroll with his dog.

▶▶Anti-Noise Movement

If it isn't the traffic, it's the noise of the traffic. Or noise in general. The New York Health Commissioner has appointed an official noise commission, including four physicians, a lawyer, a manufacturer, and a research engineer, to discover ways of limiting noise under present laws and, if necessary, to suggest new laws. The commissioners are to classify city noises and discover the effects on human beings. With the help of architects, they are to study methods of sound-absorbing building construction; they are to find out what anti-noise regulations have been made in other cities and how well they have worked.

Noise, of course, immediately classifies itself under two general headings—the reasonable and the unreasonable. Under the latter heading come radio loud-speakers, riveting machines, musical instruments, and the rest, when they are used after reasonable hours. Most of these could be curbed under existing laws; Chief Magistrate McAdoo of New York already has declared that under certain conditions the owner of a loud-speaker can be charged with maintaining a nuisance. Yet there are obvious limits to the possibility of regulation.

Nuisance though it is, noise is likely to continue. By the time welding replaces riveting, traffic cops probably will have adopted more piercing whistles. The typewriter may be made noiseless, but the telephone bell rings ever more frequently. As soon as the radio has been quieted down, every one will begin to practice on the Theremin. And traffic noises are unlikely to abate even though they shift to the air.

New York's commission would do well, perhaps, to work hardest on its study of sound-absorbing construction. After all, noise is the product of modern life; if it annoys, it also implies many present-day advantages. It is sound modern theory not to deny or legislate against by-products of the machine age, but to utilize modern methods in off-setting them. Needless to say, this does not apply to the motorist who blows his horn in traffic jams, to traction magnates who run flat-wheeled trollies over ungreased switches, to the people upstairs who allow their guests to dance all night, or to similar shocking fauna. They, of course, should be offset by the old-fashioned method of hanging.

Remarkable Remarks

There seems to be some disturbed selling on the Stock Exchange.—Thomas W. Lamont.

I see nothing to worry about.—Charles E. Mitchell.

We are all fallible, but experience ought to teach us not to repeat our errors.—Calvin Coolidge.

Atheism is growing madly. Agnosticism and scientific research are reducing the Bible to a pulp.—Rev. Dr. Walter Duncan Buchanan.

If I believed that life ends with death and there is no punishment after death, I would be less apt to tell the truth.—Judge Maurice Victor Barnhill.

Woman laughed man from the jungle into a home. She laughed him into clothes, and she has led him through the ages unimproved, unchanged, unbearable, still of, for, and fitted to jungle life—a playful little monkey. She might better have halted and skinned him alive.—William Allen White.

Love is important only as a social and biological phenomenon. It is an impersonal passion.—Bernard Shaw.

If any leeway is to be given on either side in marriage, the man is more privileged to it than the woman.—Rudy Vallee.

The eugenic mother who hoped to bring forth a fine, free soul is all too likely to find a little peak-hatted Puritan occupying the kiddie coop.—Elsie McCormick.

I am sick of all this quest for sex-appeal.—Elinor Glyn.

▶▶In Brief

Under Iowa law it is unnecessary to obtain a search warrant before invading a man's home to search for liquor. This, we take it, is what the group of patriots centering around the *National Republic* means by "destructive radicalism." . . . The Fascist revolution, shouts Premier Mussolini, "after seven years, still has the courage to plunge the lead of its muskets into the backs of the enemies of Italy." Into their backs, Mr. Mussolini? . . . In the early part of September, Professor Fisher declared that "stock prices are not too high, and Wall Street will not experience anything in the nature of a crash." A penny for Professor Fisher's thoughts at noontime, or thereabouts, on Tuesday, October 29. . . . . Some of the more irrepressible younger men in Wall Street have been murmuring that it looks like a bad year for yachts and blondes . . . A British Communist leaflet describes the United States as "the home of the frame-up, tear bombs, hired thugs, the Ku Klux Klan, lynch law, shootings, murder, railroading, assassination, physical torture, terror, and lifelong imprisonment." And the self-playing har-

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monica . . . . "I have received no intimation from any source that the anti-trust laws were to be neglected," says Attorney General Mitchell, "or that violations of those laws were not to be prosecuted with vigor and determination." Is it naïve to ask why, then, the anti-trust laws are being neglected, and why violations are not being prosecuted with vigor and determination?

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WALL STREET, WE FEAR, has little respect for our best myths. We think it shameful that the bears should have started their recent raids almost simultaneously with President Hoover's reassuring announcement that Mr. Mellon had agreed to remain in office for three more years. Was it not to prevent just such a stock market panic as occurred on October 24 that we were urged to continue Coolidge prosperity by electing a Republican Administration! Did not Mr. Hoover, recognizing the magic of the Mellon myth promise that, if elected, he would retain the Pennsylvanian in his Cabinet!

Now, we do not mean to shift the sins of the speculators onto the Administration—certainly not onto Mr. Hoover's shoulders—but these are questions which Washington observers are asking. In fact, we hear the White House suffers from the same sort of curiosity. We would not be surprised if Mr. Hoover now realizes he is reaping the harvest which his predecessor, along with Secretary Mellon, helped to sow. We refer to the bi-weekly custom of President Coolidge and Mellon of delivering bullish talks during the period when stock prices were soaring beyond figures justified by real value or credit facilities. We recall that whenever the market showed signs of sagging, both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon, ordinarily the most taciturn of men, grew eloquent in their assurances that everything was hotsy-totsy and there was no reason for selling America short. The press, of course, made no mention of this unwise practice beyond recording their statements, but it struck the more critical as a strange and perilous proceeding. We think that these preachments combined with other factors to defeat the Federal Reserve Board's movement to check speculation. In our opinion, the break would not have been so sweeping had it not been for these Coolidge-Mellon contributions to the cause of political prosperity.

We think it greatly to Mr. Hoover's credit that he stopped this practice. Except for his stabilizing statement on the day after the crash, which was quite different in tone from Coolidgean utterances, there have been no incitements to inflation or speculation since March 4. A strange silence has fallen upon Mr. Mellon. We suspect that President Hoover, as he views the recent collapse and the financial fears it may have aroused, wishes the previous Administration had been less partial to "bulls." From a market standpoint, there was nothing bullish in the President's pessimistic comment on new tax reduction plans lately announced at the Treasury. Nor did Mr. Hoover's program of inland waterway expenditures of $1,000,000,000 outlined only the night before the day of the $5,000,000,000 slump, hold out hope for tax cuts which might furnish additional margin for speculative activity.

Talburt in N. Y. Telegram

The Gold Rush of '29

It may be unfair to hold Mr. Mellon wholly responsible for the Federal Reserve Board's shortcomings in its announced drive against speculation, but we hear that his attitude helped to nullify some of its warnings. We understand that he showed no great sympathy for the board's program, and seemed to share the bankers' view that it should not interfere with market operations. Whatever the reason, the board failed to carry out its threat to take drastic steps to restrain the flow of money into the street. Though it raised the New York rediscount rate, it minimized the value of this manoeuver by lowering the acceptance rate. Had Mr. Mellon been the Alexander Hamilton they proclaim him to be, or even an Albert Gallatin, he would have influenced the board to hold to its original, sane policy instead of letting it drift toward a day of $5,000,000,000 losses and a turnover of 12,800,000 shares.

Indeed, we learn that at the very moment of the worst break, Mr. Mellon was engaged in explaining to the correspondents who cover the Treasury Department that there really was nothing to worry about in the prophetic slumps of the previous Wednesday and Saturday. Besides proving himself a poor prophet, the Secretary of the Treasury then and there, to our mind, sold short a large bloc of Mellon Myth., Inc.

Mr. Hoover, of course, has never subscribed to the theory that Mr. Mellon was an administrative genius. The two had many differences when they served together in the Cabinet and the Debt Funding Commission. As we have noted previously, the Pennsylvanian is now shorn of the power and prestige he possessed during the Harding-Coolidge régime, and Mr. Hoover's statement that Mr. Mellon had "agreed" to stay on was formal recognition of his altered status. The White House pronouncement's purpose was to counteract reports of Mellon's impending resignation sent out by a tipster service.

The President knows that Mellon's name is still magic outside of the Capital. Had the Pennsylvanian been dropped on March 4, the recent crash would have been attributed to the Administration's failure to retain him. With Mellon in the Cabinet, the political coroners cannot hold the Administration in any way responsible. In short, Mr. Hoover has a "bull" by the tail and does not dare let go—yet.

A. F. C.

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Quacks' Progress

An Editorial by Morris Fishbein

WHEN any new discovery is made in medical science or indeed in any of the sciences related to medicine, some quick-thinking progressive quack promptly adapts that discovery to exploitation in the field of health. Thus radium, ultra-violet rays, electricity, glandular extracts, vaccines made from killed bacteria, and even the radio have been promoted by quacks for their personal gain.

The modern quack plays particularly upon the motives which represent current desires. If women want to be thin, he is ready with a tablet containing dangerous thyroid extract to aid them in their quest. He prepares strange mixtures of salts to be tossed into the bath and he utilizes modern chemistry to provide bubbles in the water, so that the lady of curves may feel that her weight is disappearing while she watches the bubbles escape. Viewing with delight the wealthy tired and retired business man, who has failed to find in golf the youthfulness that once he had, the quack promises rejuvenation. There is hardly a piece of literature circulated for radium water and radium packs, for the ultra-violet ray and for the glandular mixtures, that does not shout "rejuvenation" as the keyword of its claims.

Recognizing that cancer is today the most dreaded of all diseases and that it has increased in its incidence, because it is primarily a disease of advanced years and human beings are living longer than they used to live, cancer cures, cancer sanatoriums, and cancer pastes continue to survive. Actually, they multiply in these times, even though newspapers with an awakened ethical consciousness refuse to carry advertisements for cancer remedies.

The patent medicine promoter of an earlier day specialized in nostrums which were largely mixtures of alcohol and innocuous, if not noxious, plants and herbs. The worst that could be said of most of his remedies was that they were inefficient and that they depended for such effect as they might have on their alcohol content. In these modern times, Volsteadism has aided the development of a considerable number of patent medicines with sufficient alcohol to register. In the preparation of these nostrums, the compounder has sought not so much for herbs that he could allege to have an effect, but rather for plants and extracts which would produce as an end result a flavor not far different from that of a Manhattan or Martini.

There are, however, other nostrums and patent medicines which represent the adaptation of the potent coal-tar synthetics to the nostrum field. Dozens of epilepsy remedies depend on luminal for their ability to quiet convulsions; dozens of remedies for rheumatism are rich in salicylates. Innumerable nostrums for constipation contain as their chief ingredient the effective phenol-phthalein.

The shot-gun mixture of an earlier day has been largely suppressed. The old time doctor might inquire of the patient as to each of his symtoms and put something in the medicine to cover each of the indications. The modern scientific physician attacks the cause. The tonic is practically a forgotten item in the manufacturer's catalogue. Modern medicine advises outdoor air, sunlight, exercise, regulated rest and vitamins. True, certain manufacturers have endeavored to sell as tonics mixtures of alcohol, eggs, cod liver oil, vitamins, and yeast, and all of the other substances which have had their week of exaltation in the medical press—but the day of the tonic has passed.

The modern king of quacks is the bogus faith healer and psychologist. He has realized that mankind has been freed largely from the fear of disease and death. The newer philosophy teaches that death is inevitable and that much of disease may be controlled by scientific means. Today the great public quest is happiness. Hence the psychologist, adopting the sexual idea of Freud, the versions of Jung and the inferiority and superiority complexes of Adler, the negativism of Mrs. Eddy, and the optimism of Bruce Barton, Edgar Guest and Pollyanna, appeals to dissatisfied women and hopeful men and finds that it pays.

There are in the United States today at least thirty-seven faith healing cults embracing some 10,000,000 persons who think first of faith and then of science in time of disease. The parents who belong to these strange movements, each of which has the word "science" somewhere in its promotional literature, permit their children to die of diphtheria without any attempt at scientific diagnosis or the use of diphtheria antitoxin. People of this type permit cancer to pass in its incipient stage and attempt to control the malignant growth only after it has reached a point at which further trifling is impossible. The great danger in all faith healing movements, as indeed of all quackery, is its failure to recognize not only scientific treatment, but particularly the importance of early scientific diagnosis. It is unlikely that the time will ever come when there will fail to be quacks for the satisfaction of the American people. There will always be a sufficient number of people so confident in their ability to choose for themselves in matters of science, of which they know nothing, that the quacks will find forever a ready field for their wares. That this is true is exemplified by the fact that the patrons of quackery are not always the ignorant in the population. One finds them indeed among the wealthiest of our manufacturers, among some of our leaders in statesmanship, among high priests in all of the churches, among the intelligentsia.

The battle against quackery, like the battle against disease, is never-ending. The bacteria are living organisms which change their ways of life to adapt themselves to the conditions set up against them by man. The quack, thinking always somewhat ahead of the medical profession and certainly far ahead of the public, holds forth promises on the edge of reality. The credulous totter along the brink, and fall like sheep into the depths.

Faith healers have usually had their way —and a profitable way it is—with the many men and women who find it easy to believe hopeful promises. Dr. Fishbein, editor of the "Journal of the American Medical Association," watches the process still going on and finds us as credulous as ever in the Twentieth Century—although the false medicine men now bewitch us with scientific-sounding nostrums and up-to-date terminology instead of snake rattles and charms

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"Americanization" Again

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

FEAR THAT FRANCE is becoming Americanized is growing to be an obsession among the French—among some of them, at least, who live in Paris.

To the casual American sojourning in the City of Light the "Americanization" supposedly reaching out to strangle everything Gallic does not seem either very apparent or very menacing. He sees thousands of his fellow-countrymen on the boulevards, in restaurants, sitting in front of cafés, rushing in and out of shops on the Rue de la Paix, and he merely says: "My, what a lot of Americans there are here!" He sees "English Spoken" placards, a sign announcing an "American Bar," news-vendors shouting "Latest American Papers!" and he simply takes them as a friendly compliment from his French hosts to their guests from across the Atlantic, and forthwith he buys something at the "English Spoken" place or pokes open the door of the "American Bar" or asks the news-vendor whether his wares are merely from New York and Chicago or include also Spokane and Galveston and Cincinnati. Then he goes his way, with no dark forebodings as to the future of France.

To an increasing number of Parisians, on the other hand, "English Spoken" and "American Bar" and "Latest Paper, Sir!"—likewise a host of other similar things to be seen and heard in present-day Paris—are symptoms of decay, writings on the wall. Scarcely a day passes without a warning from one of these gloomy gentry that, if the wave of "Americanization" is not checked, all that has made Paris what it is will be submerged and a new Paris emerge with characteristics so un-French, so blatantly American, that every worth-while dead Frenchman, from good King Dagobert to Anatole France, will turn in his grave, and every worth-while live one, from Raymond Poincaré to Maurice Chevalier, will wish that he had a grave to turn in.

But—wait a moment! Does Chevalier belong, after all, in the category of genuinely meritorious Frenchmen, from the point of view of the foes of "Americanization?" If ever there was an idol of the Parisian public it is this blithe singer; if ever there was one who seemed Paris incarnate it is he, yet—did he not succumb to the wiles of Hollywood the other day and cross the ocean for the purpose of transforming his francs into dollars? Now that he is back, is he the same old Chevalier? Unquestionably, in every audience that listens to him in the music halls of Paris from now on, there will be suspicious individuals carefully scrutinizing Chevalier for signs of "Americanization."

It is the same with Mistinguett. She, too, it is reported, has drunk the poison of Hollywood—is it allowable to dub it Hollywoodalcohol? "Who will be next?" ask the French. If Americanization continues at the pace which—they allege—it has assumed, the most apprehensive among them will soon wake up in the middle of the night, shivering with terror, because they have just dreamed that Napoleon has suddenly come to life wearing the traditional costume and goatee of Uncle Sam!

If it isn't one thing it's another! Recently I set out to make a list of the latest manifestations of "Americanization" noted by pessimistic Parisians. This list includes:

Increasing craving, among the French, for money and speed, jazz and radio.

Growing demand for American films.

Devastating spread of the cocktail-drinking habit, also of the consumption of beverages like whiskey and gin, to the detriment of the fine old wines of France, which used to be sufficient for all French people of taste.

Signs of "standardization" of Europeans, even of the French, appallingly similar to the "standardization" to which Americans enslave themselves. "In Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, Geneva and Madrid," laments one Parisian writer, "we meet the same modern man, who, with his shaven face, horn spectacles, athletic air and plus-fours, seems the product of an international factory. The modern woman tends even more toward uniformity; everywhere her hair is dressed in the same way under the same sort of hat—she has the same 'line' in the Prater as on the Rue de la Paix, in Oxford Street as on the Corso!"

A tendency, among French dressmakers, to make what American customers want instead of telling those customers what they ought to want—as Parisian dressmakers have always done in the past.

The leveling of the fortifications of Paris, in order that it may the more easily turn into what Americans call an up-to-date city. The destruction of the fortifications is part and parcel of something even more ruthlessly American—a "town planning" scheme involving some of the suburbs of Paris.

Sinister symptoms of the spread of the American "quick lunch" habit and correspondingly sinister inroads on the old French habit of devoting at least two hours to that meal.

Those are not all the items on my list—not by any means! They are merely a few, chosen at random. If any one believes I am exaggerating the alarm felt in Paris at the spread of "Americanization" in Paris all he need do is go about there with his eyes and ears open. I guarantee that, within a few days, he will have read enough in French newspapers and heard enough from French lips to make him revise his opinion of my statements.

One gloomy French scribe even went so far the other day as to maintain that we were not merely "Americanizing" France but "colonizing" her—and the rest of Europe as well!

"There is only one course left for us if we do not want to become an American colony," he concluded, "and that is for us to get together with the other countries of Europe, wipe out our national tariffs, reconcile our political differences and become one great country economically."

The "United States of Europe" idea again! But—should desperate Europe adopt it as the only remedy against "Americanization" might not cynics exclaim:

"United States of Europe! Indeed! A fine remedy!—to become the United States in order not to become the United States!"

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Football and Fiction

By JOHN R. TUNIS

SINCE the appearance of Bulletin Number 23, the report on intercollegiate athletics by the Carnegie Foundation, some of the intellectual dishonesty that has surrounded collegiate sports and football in particular for some time past must inevitably vanish. With the facts on the table before us, those protestations of innocence by certain football coaches, athletic directors, and college business managers will look excessively silly. We often suspected them to be lies, now we know they are lies. Now we know who the worst offenders are, just what they pay, how payment is made, and so forth; and the cries and howls of athletic integrity uttered so frequently in the past begin to seem just a trifle seedy and shopworn at the present time. Is it not worth noting that of the twenty-eight institutions in which no evidence of the subsidizing of athletes was discovered, eleven, or almost half, were colleges where football is not played!

And this is football, not fiction. Football in the year 1929. And the story I am about to relate is football and not fiction also. Names cheerfully furnished upon request.

At fifteen he was a sweet little halfback, one of those natural shifty runners in a broken field who are dangerous any time they get loose and are apt to get loose any time during a game. He was the star on the High School team his first year, and a much more mature and improved player his second year, following his interference with rare skill until the exact moment came to start out alone into uncharted seas. And when he did start he was seldom caught from behind, either. You might have called him the coaches' delight.

Four years he played at High School and his last season he was captain. Perhaps you know what the captain of a High School football team is in a small up-state town of forty thousand. Anything he wants is his, especially anything in the way of a job when he gets through in June. This particular lad needed a job badly, too. His father died suddenly, leaving his mother with three children of whom he was the eldest. The little sum of insurance money was rapidly vanishing. Yes, it was necessary for him to face life squarely and get to work, and get to work at once. It seemed a shame that such an athlete should be obliged to give up football; but college was out of the question.

It was during the boy's last year that the Head Coach at the University heard about him. The next Saturday a scout came down to watch him play. Inasmuch as it happened to be the boy's final game, he saw something. In a few weeks the youngster to whom college had been an absurd and unrealizable dream received a cordial letter from an alumnus of the University living in a near-by city. And during the winter he was asked to visit the college itself just "to have a look around." It was then that he met the Old Man who apparently knew all about him and his game; in short he was completely conquered by the idea of a college education with no expense.

That summer he worked and saved money, money that was to help his mother while he himself was in college. He entered the halls of learning upon the appointed day; but owing to the great influx of students attracted by the University's winning team, it was impossible to give him board and shelter in one of the dormitories on the campus, so he was lodged in a small and rather dilapidated wooden frame house in the town. He made the freshman team without too much difficulty, and one evening during the course of the season he was paid a visit by the Head Coach himself. The Old Man inquired what progress he was making, urged him to keep well up in his studies, pointing out that owing to the strict requirements of the institution no one on probation could make the team, and ended his discourse by assuring the boy that he was being watched in action. Oh, by the way, how did he like his room? Not so good? Well, well. They were crowded up on the campus, next year he would be lodged there for nothing as it belonged to the University. Meanwhile he mustn't worry about money matters. The Old Man was tending to all that.

The Old Man did. Or at any rate some one did, for the boy went back home in the spring not a cent to the bad. Again he worked and worked hard all summer, and saved a little money ahead for Mother and the kids. Things seemed very bright.

Yet when he returned that fall to the University, he was still lodged in the village. To be sure, he wasn't paying anything; but it worried him somehow, and he was never able to get near enough to the Old Man to ask any questions. Then just before the first game he had a letter from his mother telling that those fifteen weeks' savings, those precious dollars representing weary weeks of labor throughout a hot summer, had been exploded. A sudden attack of appendicitis, an operation and the ensuing expenses. Every one had been kind, every one had been helpful; but he read between the lines.

Was it this spectre haunting his imagination? Or was it the fact that the competition upon a great university eleven is keener than the competition of a small high school? Hard to say. His game that afternoon, however, was fair and nothing more. His shiftiness in a broken field was not much use when the field was rarely broken up. A fumbled punt early in the game snapped his confidence and he seldom really got going. The next Saturday another man was playing Number Two Back and he watched the game from the sidelines.

Two nights afterward he understood the system better. A dignitary, a personage in the life of the University, no less than a member of the Board of Athletic Control, visited him in his dingy room. It was explained carefully that the University did not and never could permit tramp athletes. Its reputation for good, clean sport! Its well known stand for decent athletics! Its value in the belief of football as a builder of character! The poor lad was dizzy from high-sounding words which issued from the mouth of the member of the Board of Athletic Control. He did understand one thing, however, before the gentleman left the room. He had two weeks in which to make a place at halfback on the football team. If he did not make it he had two alternatives. Either he could continue in the University by paying his own way. Or he could leave.

All this is football, not fiction, football in the year 1929. Names cheerfully furnished upon request.

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The Market Break

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page, reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

IN A LITTLE MORE than five weeks Wall Street has seen the end of the greatest bull market in its history. That does not mean stocks will not go up again. They certainly will. But the old spell is broken and the Street may fairly be said to be once more in the age of investment reason. When the next forward move starts it will be based on sound principles. Stocks will go forward because their earnings and prospects, their dividends and their assets entitled them to advance; they will not move, at least not for a while, merely under the momentum of blind speculation.

The stock market moves in cycles, the same as business; but its swings are more pronounced. It frequently runs too far ahead of business. On some such occasions it waits for business to catch up; on others it turns about and runs back to meet business and usually overruns the mark. Chairman Mitchell of the National City Bank thinks that is what has happened in the September and October break. So far as the evidence on business conditions shows, he appears to be right, for a great many of the soundest railroad and industrial stocks are now selling at yields and price to earnings ratios that have proven too high and too low respectively even on the old time-tried and drought-tested standards.

No one who has taken even a casual glance at the front newspapers during the past two or three weeks is unfamiliar with the details of what undoubtedly was the worst stock market smash in the history of the New York Stock and Curb exchanges. There have been months in recent years when the total transactions in stocks on both the Stock Exchange and the Curb Exchange was not much more than twenty million shares. That volume was almost reached in a single day—October 24—and on that day the largest banks in the country felt obliged to pour millions of dollars into the market to stop a panic which had it been allowed to develop might have had dire consequences, leaving its wake a succession of financial failures and quite possibly helping to bring on a severe business depression.

It may not be amiss to indulge in some mild speculation on how the financial situation is likely to develop in the near future. It has been rather abundantly proved by the peacetime record of the stock market that share-prices are closely linked to business, and only indirectly to money rates. When credit is badly strained and holders of stocks on margin fear they may not be able to borrow at any price, lower prices result. But so long as corporation earnings are rising and the chances of price appreciation on that basis are promising, interest rates are of but passing importance. No one minds paying 10 or even 20 per cent for his money for a few days if he thinks he is going to capture twice that much from rising prices. In stocks as well as in business interest rates are but an element of cost.

However, a long period of high interest rates usually has a harmful effect on business and in that way brings down stock prices. The recent bull market had its inception in the easy money period of 1924, but it continued through the 1928 and early 1929 money stringency and only broke up when tight money abroad had begun to hurt business abroad and when domestic industries such as motor manufacturing, steel, railroad traffic, building and certain other lines showed signs of recession. This recession should prove to be but temporary, and for two reasons.

To begin with, the excessive buoyancy of the stock market in the past year has enabled corporations to obtain a record-breaking amount of new capital by means of stock flotation, thus avoiding borrowing on bonds at high interest rates. Thus they will go into the new year with fixed charges reduced and with the largest amounts of ready cash in their history. They will have money to spend for expansion, many of them, without recourse either to the stock market or to the money market.

In the second place, the tide of easy money is on the flow. Recently call money, which often during the summer, usually a time of great ease, was hard to find even at 10 per cent, was virtually unlendable at 5 per cent. Banks have had a difficult time finding takers for their own funds at that rate and others have had to be content with as low as 4 per cent or allow their money to be idle. Meantime time money has dropped close to the New York Federal Reserve Bank's discount rate of 6 per cent and the bankers acceptance rate has fallen below 5 per cent. Member banks of the Federal Reserve system have steadily cut down their borrowings at the Reserve until they are well below a year ago. The Reserve continues to put credit into the market through its bill purchases. All these are unmistakable signs of a drop in the discount rate at New York from the 6 per cent level where it has been since August 8 to at least 5½ per cent. The turn of the year might well bring a further decline.

As it is, the discount rate is being left high and dry by open market money rates. It is only a question of time when discount rate will come down. So long as other money rates are low a reduction by the Reserve Bank would be without practical effect, but the sentimental effect would be considerable. There never has been a time when an increase in the discount rate was not followed, sooner or later, by a stock market break. Conversely, a drop in the rate always has been followed by a pick-up in business and recovery in stocks.

In the meantime the outlook is bright for a good bond market. All through the stock market decline bonds forged ahead. Their rise reflects lowering money rates and the shifting of investment from stocks. Another financial market also has been strong. Nearly a dozen of the leading foreign currencies have risen to new high levels for a year. It has become profitable to ship gold abroad. However, the shipment of gold tends automatically to correct the disparities of money rates among different countries and unless the central banking authorities here are desirous of seeing a good deal of the metal move out, no important gold loss is likely. If it comes it will be accompanied by an artifically easy money market which will in itself tend to increase productive activity and boost the stock market.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

SICKENED by the cynicism of lesser writers which sinks so readily into mere smart flippancy, and saddened by the hopelessness expressed, specifically, by so brilliant a critic as Joseph Wood Krutch, Edwin Mims, in *Adventurous America*[1] takes up the cudgels for hope. Although his publishers insist that he does not content himself with superficial optimism, readers inclined to captiousness will find in some of his chapters little, except the skill with which he expresses them, to distinguish his opinions from the facile good-cheer of boosters and professional pollyannas. But as a whole Mr. Mims does not whoop it up for America. He tries to consider soberly the good things that lie in her contemporary culture. He has been wise in his choice of theme, for few critics of America would attempt to deny the adventurousness of her citizens. And there will be few who can honestly ignore the fact that many of those citizens adventure for God, as they see Him, or for Man, or for pure love of adventure. On the other hand a large and conspicuous number adventure for money, or power or publicity. And theirs is an evil-tasting leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. When Mr. Mims writes with delight of Sherwood Anderson living in and celebrating the village, one wonders how seriously he considers Mr. Anderson's meaning; when he applauds the nobility of Henry Ford's motives, one wonders just how intelligent this critic is; and when he discusses the "Other Side of Main Street" with the naïve enthusiasm of Carol Kennicott, herself, and praises the cultural activities of Nashville and Pasadena and Chautauqua and Yaddo, the "home away from home" of creative spirits, one wonders if perhaps he is joking. In the matter of artistic effort in America, one can share Mr. Mims's admiration for most of his examples without feeling that they mean much. A friend of ours once said that in America Nature has the artist in cold-storage, now, keeping his impulse fresh until she needs it again.

Lois Murphy's design for the jacket of "Consequences" by Julia Ellsworth Ford (Dutton)

That is an honest and by no means a pessimistic opinion. The trouble with such critics as Mr. Mims is that they tend to an inaccurate use of the term "pessimist." If you refuse to conceal a frightened heart under the Rotarian's wide smile, you are a pessimist. If you dare to believe that Western civilization, like every other civilization since time began, will fall because it rose, and that the peak has been passed, you are a pessimist. Well, if you are a pessimist, then you needs must be adventurous about your pessimism. It takes a lot of courage to dissent from popular opinion. And, in spite of the success in some really unimportant quarters of such critics of America as Mr. Mims so feelingly opposes, *popular* opinion is optimistic.

AMERICA has always been adventurous. And most of its adventurers have been obscure and are forgotten. A fine example of them is furnished by Harriet Connor Brown who celebrates, in *Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years*,[2] one of those unsung heroines who have made America. Grandmother Brown was born in 1827 in the Ohio village to which her grandfather had migrated after the Revolution. In her late teens, she married and a few years later moved with her husband and "four little Buckeyes" to a raw Iowa farm. There wild land was tamed, chiefly by will-power, and "four little Hawkeyes" born. In middle life the Browns moved to the Iowa town where Grandmother Brown lived until her death in 1928. Her last years were spent in the only ease she ever knew, in a wheel-chair of her own contriving, with eyes and fingers and brain as keen as ever. The story of her life was told in conversations with her daughter-in-law, with occasional additions by an octogenarian son of a seventy-year-old daughter. To the story, the transcriber has added many paragraphs of description, explanation and appreciation which have helped to build up the sense of a rich personality, and a few letters. These letters put Grandmother Brown among the plain-livers and high-thinkers of a past day. She was no intellectual, had little time to read and little chance to travel, but she received a heritage of intelligence and it was

1. *Adventurous America*, by Edwin Mims: Scribners, $2.50.
2. *Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years*, by Harriet Connor Brown: Atlantic Monthly Press, Little, Brown and Co., $3.00.

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not lost in her hands. Her life, except for its length, was in no way remarkable. It did not touch school-book history at any point. Living through four of her country's wars, she came into direct contact with none. No great men came her way; she witnessed no world-shaking events. But she was in very fact the pioneer wife and mother of legend. She lived long, worked hard, observed sharply, and felt deeply. She had ideals and courage. Her story is inspiring because it is very human. As Harriet Connor Brown, the daughter-in-law who wrote it down in order that many might share in its inspiration, says: "What benefits we now enjoy in America have come to us as a result of the labors of people inspired by ideals such as Grandmother Brown has cherished, upheld by such courage as she had. As we go forward to another period of our country's development, it is well for us to try to understand the forces that have created us and the world in which we find ourselves."

TWO BOOKS published this week will please the bookish. Edmund Pearson has written delightfully of *Dime Novels*.[3] We have never seen a dime novel, but we have heard of Beadle's Nickel Library, and are therefore, according to Mr. Pearson, of age. Dime Novels were formerly blamed for the juvenile escapades and worse which are now laid to the door of the movies. Yet the books issued by the Beadles, at the time of the Civil War and earlier, were highly moral in tone, and, to judge from specimens which Mr. Pearson quotes, positively highbrow in literary style. With competition, the product degenerated. But the Beadle books and the Cap Collier and Nick Carter books which followed them are the forerunners of the western adventure and detective stories of today. Mr. Pearson gives quotations galore, which are always amusing and sometimes quite exciting. Especially interesting to the professional literary person of today are the "blurbs" written for the Beadle books, the publicity which was given them, and the Beadles' rules for their authors. With three exceptions, those rules should still hold good, and any publisher who set such a standard and abode by it would publish excellent books. The other book for the bookish is Edwin Valentine Mitchell's *Morocco Bound, Adrift Among Books*,[4] a delightful account of his adventures in his Hartford book-shop. Having been a book-shop keeper for some years, ourselves, we enjoyed these reminiscences. When Mr. Mitchell speaks of the queer titles by which customers ask for books and the guess-work needed to elucidate them, we wonder if he would have known what was wanted if he had been asked, as we once were, for "Annals of Rasputin by Otto Kahn." We got the right book in four hours.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Marie Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

Windlestraws, by Phyllis Bottome: Houghton, Mifflin. A story of English society which details the triumph of a high-minded woman over a Circe. Emotional, and marked by subtle analysis of motives and character.

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Doran. A comedy of changing fashions in morals, admirably written with fine balance and icy wit. Reviewed Aug. 7.

Hans Frost, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. Walpole's London and Polchester are the background for this story of a middle-aged writer who was caught in "things" and how he freed himself.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Queen Elizabeth, by Katherine Anthony: Knopf. This admirable study of the Virgin Queen will sustain the renewed interest of readers in the Tudor period. Reviewed Oct. 9.

The Art of Thinking, by Ernest Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes wittily of a lost art.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, by David Loth: Brentano's. Clever rather than scholarly, this chronicle of a gorgeous period is nevertheless vivid and of absorbing interest.

Beethoven the Creator, by Romain Rolland: Harper's. A profound and satisfying study of the psychology of genius embodied in an excellent biography.

TWO WIDELY DIFFERENT novels have been chosen this month for distribution by the larger book clubs: *The Embezzlers*[5] by Valentine Kataev, a Gogolesque farce from Russia, and *Laughing Boy*[6] by Oliver La Farge, an idyll of Navajo Indians. Kataev's novel we frankly admit should be reviewed by a man and an ardent "wet" at that, for it is the luscious description of a prolonged spree, and we were tired of it half-way through. It is a bitter farce, macabre, absurd, perfectly Russian in flavor. It is the story of two fools, a bombastic fool who was an accountant and a sheepish fool who was a cashier. Charged with getting their firm's payroll from the bank, they embezzle it, the victims of the suggestion of a fellow employee who is convinced that the funds of all Moscow firms are being embezzled. They drink their way to Leningrad, and thence to some mad Russian villages, the hapless prey of swindlers, prostitutes and thieves. They delude themselves, from time to time with the hazy notion that they are traveling for their firm, and keep expense accounts. When the money is gone, they go back to Moscow, and are led away, glad enough, to jail. One can read *The Embezzlers* as a sly dig at Soviet Russia, although, recalling *Dead Soul,* there does not seem to be much difference between the status and intelligence of bureaucrats under the Czar and under the Soviets. Kataev writes forcefully, with sharp irony and an undercurrent of pity. And he puts some grand speeches into the mouths of his characters. The speech of the pseudo-Czar, in trouble about his beard, is a perfect summing-up of the Russian character. Oliver La Farge is a young writer and a promising one. In *Laughing Boy,* he has written a moving story which is ready at almost any point to topple over into sentimentality, and he keeps it serenely poetic and universal in its appeal. He is also a courageous writer for he has chosen a novel and dangerous subject, and one which might lay him open to several clap-trap charges. The hero and the heroine of his love story are young Navajos, living to-day in the Southwest. The plot depends for its incident and development upon them and upon other Indian characters, with white men appearing only incidentally, although imposed white civilization is the villain of the piece. Laughing Boy, a silversmith, an Indian untouched by alien influences, meets Slim Girl at a tribal ceremony and loves her. Slim Girl is a product of the white schools. She has forgotten the ways of her

3. *Dime Novels,* by Edmund Pearson: Little, Brown and Co., $3.00.
4. *Morocco Bound,* by Edwin Valentine Mitchell: Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50.
5. *The Embezzlers,* by Valentine Kataev, translated by L. Zarine: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press, $2.50.
6. *Laughing Boy,* by Oliver La Farge: Houghton, Mifflin and Co., $2.50.

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people. Their life is a brief dream of love and precious work. When it is over, ended in tragedy, Laughing Boy can still carry with him the uplifting memory of unearthly beauty. Familiarity with the Navajo character, country and customs is the necessary foundation for such a story, but it is only the loom upon which a poet, imaginative, tender and skilful, has woven a lovely piece of stuff, an unexpected glowing spot among drab novels of conventional setting, and theme.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Bryan and Coxey

BRYAN ROSE TO FAME after the speech in which he adjured "capital not to crucify labor on a cross of gold." It won him the Democratic nomination for the presidency in 1896. Bryan was hailed as the champion of the working classes. The Populists abandoned their party and rallied to his cause. It seemed for a time Mr. Bryan would be president.

But slowly the screws of the Republican machine began to tighten. According to Prof. Peck, capitalists resorted to the very effective device of carrying large orders to the manufacturers on condition that they should be filled only if Mr. McKinley was elected. In this way notice was served on workingmen that by voting for Bryan they were voting themselves out of jobs. The payday before election many employers warned their workmen they could not return to work if Bryan was elected. Insurance companies agreed to extend mortgages five years if McKinley won.

To clinch the victory, trainloads of Negroes were imported from the South to vote at $5.00 a head. Graveyards were robbed of the names on their tombstones to be enrolled as honest voters.

Bryan never recovered the influence which he exercised in that campaign. He always espoused popular causes at ebb-tide. When he opposed imperialism in 1900 he was defeated. Thereafter his opponents regularly stole his thunder. Roosevelt took up trust-busting and Taft agreed with him in favoring an income-tax. When he finally became an administrator under President Wilson he found the problems of state incomprehensible. It was when he went back to championing fundamentalism that he found a cause and an audience congenial to his intellect.

There is no new material in this biography of Bryan, written in large part by Paxton Hibben and completed after Hibben's death by Hartley Grattan, and it differs little from previous ones. But much research went into it, into Mr. Hibben's part much vehemence, and into Mr. Grattan's a subtlety which one doubts that Mr. Bryan, living, would have ever appreciated.

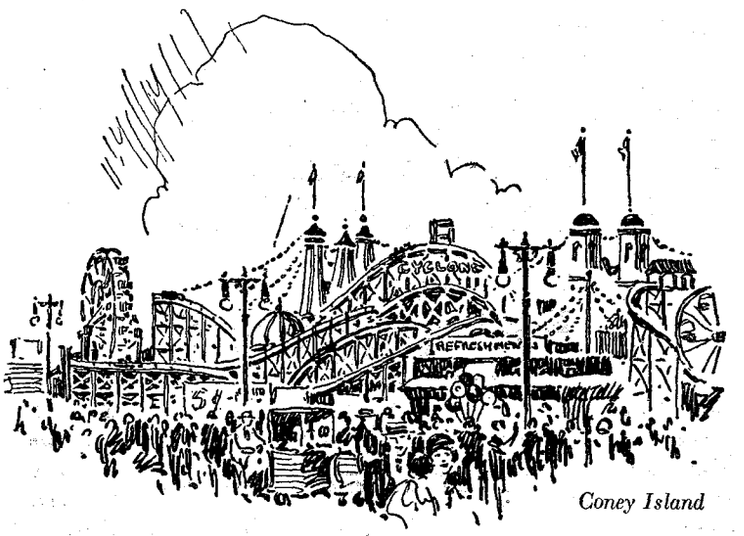

Illustration by Herbert S. Kates for Ethel Fleming's "New York" (Macmillan)

MR. MCMURRY has uncovered an almost forgotten chapter of American history.[8] He deals with the naïve armies of unemployed that marched on Washington in 1894 inspired by Mr. Coxey of Massilon, Ohio. It was these malcontents that were later to turn to Bryan as their deliverer. The frontier had just closed and for the first time Americans came to grips with the problem of unemployment.

Coxey thought that by bringing a petition in boots to Washington he could arouse an apathetic Congress to an interest in the problems of labor. Out West other armies of unemployed quickly organized. They commandeered railroad trains in their haste to join with Coxey and demand from Congress the right to employment. Otherwise they were quite well-behaved, asking only food from the communities on which they descended like locusts. Undoubtedly many hoboes charmed by the prospect of free travel helped to swell their ranks. But long before the Western army even got to Washington, Coxey and his followers made their debut at the Capitol. He attempted to make a speech on the steps of the Capitol but was arrested for walking on the grass. Coxeyism collapsed from one little pin-prick.

Coxey's army has passed into a household legend, the origin of which Mr. McMurry has skilfully explained.

WILLIAM FRAUENGLASS.

Behind the Blurbs

Dr. Krasinki's Secret,[9] (the October selection of the Book League), is, like the author's former novels, an amazing piece of work. It concerns a Polish scientist who kills from the highest motives, hypnotizes ladies to fall in and out of love with him, turns a schoolboy, an innocent carrier of diphtheria bacilli, into a dipsomaniac, and is finally defeated by his own frankness. An intricately imaginative book, written in an extraordinarily bizarre idiom—which frequently irritates, as when in describing a lady's tears—"a dew distilled, spued, spilled out of her eyes." But which just as frequently delights. ✍ ✍ ✍ *Tower of Sand*[10] is a new book of short stories by an author whose tales are reprinted as examples of all a short story should be in the textbooks on short story writing. And they are good stories, even though the framework of the formula is sometimes a little too plainly visible under the style. They are well built. And there is an acrid flavor about most of them that we like. ✍ ✍ ✍ A word of praise for *The Reader's Digest,* which reprints excerpts from articles in other magazines, and announces that it will now give something beside credit to the authors of such articles. Two cents a word will be paid for all material used. ✍ ✍ ✍ *The Money Game,*[11] by Norman Angell, is both a book and a game. It aims to teach painlessly the fundamental principles of finance—what money is, and why. The game itself is easy to learn and interesting to play. Cards and

7. *The Peerless Leader, William Jennings Bryan.* Farrar and Rinehart, $5.00.
8. *Coxey's Army,* Donald L. McMurry: Little Brown and Co., $4.00.
9. By M. P. Shiel: Vanguard, $2.50.
10. By Wilbur Daniel Steele: Harpers, $2.50.
11. Dutton, $6.00.

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counters are included. The book contains about 200 pages, not necessary to read if you want merely to play the game, but of considerable interest as developing and explaining what the game teaches. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Truth About Geronimo*[12] is the story of the campaign against that famous Apache chief by an ex-army officer who as a young man took part in it. An exciting story of adventure, as well as an interesting chapter in the history of the Southwest. We have little certainly to be proud of in our treatment of the Indians. ☙ ☙ ☙ A novel told entirely in pictures will be published next week by Cape and Smith. It is a book of woodcuts—*God's Man*—by an American artist, Lynd Ward. ☙ ☙ ☙ Knopf announces the early publication of a series of reprints and collections to be known as *Americana Deserta,* under the general editorship of Bernard DeVoto. It "proposes excursions into the life, both vulgar and polite, of nineteenth century America," and will include stories of frontiers men, trappers, Indians, the literature of camp meetings, bear hunts, steamboating and barn raisings—as well as such fiction as the Alger, Optic and Mayne Reid books which influenced several generations. "It will venture wherever social history makes good reading." ☙ ☙ ☙ News comes to us that the purity sleuths of the U. S. Customs Bureau have discovered a copy of DeFoe's *Moll Flanders,* that most obscene and ribald volume (which, by the way, we believe you can buy at any bookstore in these benighted states) trying to sneak into the country, to spread vice and viciousness among the youth of the country. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Misadventures of Martin Guerre*[13] is translated from French of story taken from a XVI Century trial. One Martin went away to the wars, and after several years, two came back —and even his wife didn't know which was which. The translation preserves the charm of the original, which is something almost unheard of. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Hunting Hidden Treasures*[14] is a collection of hundreds of treasure trove stories, some never before published. Good book to dip into before going to sleep; should induce pleasant dreams of digging up pots of moidores. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Dawn*[15] is S. Fowler Wright's last, a continuation of the exciting *Deluge,* but by no means so good. Story of what happened to remnant of humanity surviving flood. Gives, however, same curious sense of reality as former book. WALTER R. BROOKS.

12. By Britton Davis: Yale, $4.00.
13. By Gaston Delayen: Dutton, $3.50.
14. By Harold T. Wilkins: Dutton, $3.00.
15. Cosmopolitan, $2.50.

Prize Novels and Misprized Novelists

By JOHAN SMERTENKO

THERE ARE, to my knowledge, eight contests in which publishing firms and magazines offer sums ranging from five hundred to twenty-five thousand dollars for fiction which their appointed judges of various reputation and rectitude may stamp as "best." To my further knowledge, these competitions, however attractively advertised, are not conducted for sheer love of American letters. Publishers have discovered that the prize award is the easiest and cheapest way of exploiting our curiosity, our proverbial regard for financial success, and our national inferiority complex which demands the guarantee of authoritative approval in matters aesthetic. They have found that not merely the prize-winning book but its successor to the third and fourth remove will profit by the oft-times meaningless accolade.

Now America is not unique in the widespread interest aroused by prize novels. Abroad, too, the announcement that such-and-such obscure author has received the Nobel or de Goncourt or Hawthorenden prize sends thousands of readers to the book stalls. But it is characteristic of our ways and our reading public that, excepting the Pulitzer award, this institution has been converted into a device for manufacturing best sellers. In no other respect has it the slightest significance,

Caricature of Paganini. Illustration from "Paganini of Genoa" by Lillian Day (Macauley)

unless it be to make the entire practice of pre-publication contests ridiculous.

For when the Nobel or Pulitzer judges decide on a book as the best performance of the year, they have all of the work published that year before them; and, in so far as we respect their standing and their viewpoint, we can value their judgments on the known candidates. But what does it signify when three critics choose Julian Green as the recipient of the ten thousand dollars offered by Harper Brothers? What did it mean when others gave ten thousand of *Atlantic Monthly* money to Mazo de la Roche? Who were their competitors? Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser—or to take the younger generation—Conrad Aiken, Margery Latimer, Robert Nathan, John Dos Passos, Elliot Paul? Over whom were they victorious?

To say that the novels of Miss de la Roche and Mr. Green—the best of the prize books—are far inferior to the work of any of the authors I have mentioned is to state something obvious though not necessarily derogatory. It is my opinion that the most distinguished and the most vital fiction in America appears under these names and a few others. But how reconcile this obvious inferiority with the ado which is being made about prize winners?

The Dark Journey (Harpers, $2.50), imitative and overwritten though it is, stands up as a good job of work. It carries one's morbid interest in the perversities of human nature along a dramatic plot. Without subtlety, yet without the machinery of psychoanalysis, Mr. Green discloses a man and a woman in whom frustrated love turns to violent sadism. For Monsieur Gueret the change comes like an explosion, instantaneous and brief; for Madame Grosgeorge it is like a barrage, increasing in volume and progressing quickly toward its objective. But that's all there is to the book because, however intimately he may know them, the author derives all the other characters and the entire stodgy atmosphere from the *petits bourgeois* and the *patlins* of the French masters rather than from life.

It is not a mitigating circumstance that in her imitation Miss de la Roche copies her own prize novel. *Whiteoaks of Jalna* (Little, Brown, $2.50) is distinctly a repetition of former success. It is equally pleasant and equally well-written but it is also just as slight in emotional content as *Jalna.* That work might be excused as the sentimental Introduzione-Allegro if the author,

(Please Turn to Page 397)

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

FOR YEARS Alexander Woollcott, erstwhile Broadway dramatic critic, has been defending the omniscience of the critic against the assault of the outraged playwright by the simple statement that a man can tell a good egg from a bad one without being able to lay one. Last week he presented a play, written in collaboration with George Kauffman, and entitled *The Channel Road*. And proved at least part of his contention. He cannot lay the egg.

Indeed, to judge from what his play reveals, Mr. Woollcott is infinitely more a humorist than a critic. Else we doubt he could have perpetrated in the name of wit the crimes against human character which now stain the stage at the Arthur Hopkins Theatre.

The demon of the wise crack has been loosed by Mr. Woollcott on de Maupassant's simple tale of the German occupation of France in 1870. And he appears without warning in the guise of nearly every person in the play. Their faces as they converse may be the faces of de Maupassant's people; but the voice is the voice of Mr. Woollcott talking brightly to himself.

Do we exaggerate? Scarcely. Herewith two samples from the heroine's talk with one of the ladies detained in the inn. The heroine is a prostitute, and the lady knowing this, is trying to make conversation with her in order to get in her good graces.

Lady: "Do you go much to the theatre?"

Prostitute: "Well, I'm usually busy in the evening." (Laughter)

Lady: "I have a place in the country."

Prostitute: "I have a house in town." (Laughter)

Yes, it's just like that.

To our mind, the laughter of the audience, while at times dubious, nevertheless constitutes the greatest compliment ever paid Broadway's humorist by the stupidest people now in possession of $3.30.

One excellent actor saves the piece from complete inanity and puppet persiflage—the German Frederick Ruman who plays the part of the Herr-Lieutenant, in charge of the French village through which a group of French profiteers are making their escape to the Channel in a carriage. Holding them up because of a genuine suspicion of their true character, he allows them to believe that he does so because he desires the favors of the prostitute who is traveling by chance in the same carriage.

Follows a character sketch of the manner in which the French profiteers, male and female, try to induce the lady to accede to the request—a sketch which drags their pretensions to nobility in the mire, destroys the last remnant of a wounded French soldier's belief in patriotism, and ends in the prostitute's ascending on Christmas Eve to the Herr-Lieutenant's bedroom. Next morning from headquarters comes confirmation of the Herr-Lieutenant's original suspicion of the profiteers, and the prostitute is the only one allowed to proceed.

Not exactly a story, you will notice, built upon the romantic passion—but one which should give play to satire and character drawing. Unfortunately neither are sufficiently present, with the exception of the rôle of the German lieutenant, to make the drama either convincing or clever. People call each other bad names exactly as small boys do.

Mr. Kauffman has made a technical framework which gets the characters on and off the stage and allows the story to be kicked ahead. But the yarn becomes lame in the process and the lack of any genuine emotional reality in the characters deprives the satire of the necessary contrast.

As a climax, the night spent by the Herr-Lieutenant (who does not desire intimacy) with a prostitute who is merely weary of being detained, merely desirous of being entertained, struck us as being the most complete denial of the grande passion ever conceived.

As humor it is funny only in the same sense that a hunchback's grotesqueries are funny; it proceeds with such complete denial, such an unnatural aversion from human emotion. It is too abnormal to be funny. In fact, *The Channel Road* is just that: a hunchback comedy, wisecracked to death.

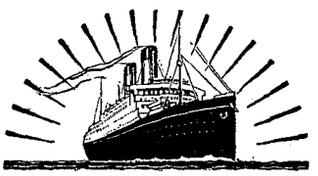
Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
- Many Waters
- Strictly Dishonorable
- Sweet Adeline
- Bird in Hand
- Journey's End
- Little Show
- Street Scene
- Porgy
- Karl and Anna
- It's a Wise Child

WE FOUND ENTERTAINING:
- Gambling
- Scarlet Pages
- Let Us Be Gay
- Hot Chocolates
- Almanac
- Whoopee
- Sketch Book
- Soldiers and Women
- Follow Thru
- Candle Light

WE CAN'T RECOMMEND:
- Jenny
- Among the Married
- A Hundred Years Old
- Scotland Yard
- Street Singer
- New Moon
- Criminal Code
- Her Friend the King

To the sun-drenched



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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Welcome Danger"

HAROLD LLOYD and his voice are making their first joint appearance on any screen as these lines are written, and comment on the outcome is the business in hand.

To say whether Lloyd is helped or hindered by the addition of the microphone to his already formidable box of tricks is no easy task. So much of the talking in *Welcome Danger* is badly synchronized; so many of the spoken lines are needless, that one inclines, after reflection, to the view that the picture would have been better if the talk had been left out, good parts and all.

But—even with the handicap of its surprisingly poor technical accomplishment—*Welcome Danger* is perhaps one of the best things Harold Lloyd has ever done. The star's voice and method as a speaking actor are entirely in keeping with his screen personality and the proverbially rapid pace of his past pictures is maintained in his present one, despite the necessary pauses for conversation. That actions speak louder and funnier than words is, however, a maxim that might have been specially devised to cover the Harold Lloyd school of comedy, and the occasions are many in *Welcome Danger* when pure pantomime would have been preferable to the gasps, ejaculations and rather stereotyped cross-talk that have been (often clumsily) superimposed on the action.

All this, of course, is largely a matter of mechanics. Or so it seemed to us. The agile, ever-youthful Lloyd is brought closer to his audience when he speaks than ever he was before; and, in his own individual case, he gets some effects that heighten the humor of *Welcome Danger* as no subtitle could have done.

With full appreciation of the four or five dozen abdominal laughs in Mr. Lloyd's newest picture we nevertheless express the hope that before he makes another one he will engage a recording engineer and a dialogue writer who come up to the high standards his gag men have attained.

These latter fun-smiths have been even more successful in *Welcome Danger* than even they were in such time-honored side-shakers as *Grandma's Boy* or *Safety Last.* One cyclonic episode follows another in breath-taking succession—so much so that *Welcome Danger* ought really to be seen twice if one wants to get a good impression of each scene we think; for—mechanics or no mechanics—it's the funniest picture of the year.

" Return of Sherlock Holmes"

"AMAZING, Holmes! Marvellous! Extraordinary!" pipes Dr. Watson.

"On the contrary, my dear Watson," returns the gifted Mr. Sherlock Holmes, "Elementary!"

And elementary it seems indeed. With all the uncounted numbers of Sherlock Holmes stories to draw from, the Paramount scenario department has elected to work up a plot of its own for the eminent deductionist of Baker Street, and the word "elementary" fits it like a glove.

The only ingenious—and entirely comprehensible—thing done by Mr. Holmes in the entire picture is when, disguised as a steward, he wets the heels of the nefarious Colonel Moran's boots so that he may ascertain, by the Colonel's spoor through the hallways, the location of Professor Moriarty's cabin on the ocean liner. This he could have determined, with far less effort, in fifty different ways.

Clive Brook, as Holmes, is excellent, and Donald Crisp is good as Moran. The rest of the cast is like the rest of the picture—just a little better than so-so.

Now Showing

Bulldog Drummond: Thrilling and amusing with Ronald Colman.

Disraeli: George Arliss faithfully duplicates his stage success.

The Dance of Life: Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in a satisfactory screening of **Burlesque.**

Applause: Helen Morgan, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Full of serious faults, but with some unusual touches.

They Had to See Paris: Will Rogers isn't bothered much by the plot.

Flight: This is a he-man aviation picture, and lots of fun; but the "love interest" is pretty terrible.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Wild

ON HIS WAY OVER (under escort) to hear the verdict of his superior officers, the surfman gave himself up as a bad job.

Ever since he had been a child, no one had ever quite approved of him. There had been a streak in him from the beginning. He would always rather have climbed a fence and a tree than to have picked up an apple from the middle of the road. Many a time he had slid out of his window by night on a jaunt that he'd no use for by daytime. Wild. He supposed that was the right word for it.

But, hell! They had called him wild when he joined the Coast Guard. They hadn't approved of him then either. And once in the Coast Guard no one had a good word for him there. And now he was done for. After last night, he was done for. How was he going to explain?

He had never been any good at explaining things to himself—let alone other people. How do you explain it when getting up and going to bed, wearing the same clothes and eating when you're told to, all at once looks sickening to you? And a strip of beach and a few waves look so small you want to kick 'em out of your path and be going somewhere?

And how do you explain getting drunk? And how do you explain not liking the way another guy's face looks? Not liking it—worse—and worse—until there's something in you has to crash in and change it for him.

"There's a streak in me," he could say. "They always called me wild." Swell explanation! Swell things they'd call him after that. They'd pat him on the shoulder and say it was a shame.

Well, he guessed he'd let the explanations go. He was drunk. He was disorderly. He'd committed assault and battery. That was explanation enough for any officer and would land him on the Island all right. Where he belonged.

He had just arrived at this conclusion when he found that the short walk was over. Himself and escort were face to face with the authorities, and the authorities, within less time than he could have thought of an explanation anyhow, reached his own conclusion and forwarded the prisoner to the Island.

The Island would not be permanent. On his way over he remembered that. As he took the seat assigned to him in the cutter, the strip of beach and few waves behind him loomed larger and larger with the light of freedom. No, the Island would not be permanent. It would just give him time to sit around and curse himself before court martial. But he didn't feel somehow as though he needed so much time. He was ready to admit here and now—if any one would listen—that he was through being wild; that he was altogether down on his own nature; that he was all set for going straight and steady from now on.

There was a sound above him and he raised his eyes. Why hadn't he gone in for that now, he wondered? The earth wasn't roomy enough for him, and the sea no longer. But with all the sky in front of you and over you—wings to carry you and no one to bawl you out . . .! He dropped his eyes hurriedly, remembering that he had given up being wild. He was heading for the Island.

When the crash came he couldn't believe it. His eyes had left the circling plane before she lurched—before she swooped too heavily—too stiffly. And plunged. As she dove before his eyes—as the sea dashed in a sudden fountain to hide her—the surfman rose slowly to his feet. In another moment the cutter would pass that spot. In another moment the prisoner had plunged; was gone.

The government cutter reared and staggered in her path; wheeled and curved and came alongside just as the surfman appeared above the water. He was flinging the spray from his red face, gasping for air and striking towards them with one arm. The other held strongly to a heavy load.

"Take him," he gasped. "There's another—strapped in." He was gone again, the heavy burden in the boat behind him.

Once more, but slower, painfully, the prisoner reached the boat and got his second load over the gunwale. Then he pulled himself aboard and set to work.

On the same shore that he had left earlier, the surfman approached the authorities that evening. He was respectful but disheartened.

"There's nothing more can be done for that other fellow," he said. "I lost one of them. So I might as well go on to the Island." Strange, he thought to himself how he had once minded the idea of the Island. The voices of his superior officers, even, seemed to have lost something of their authority. They were saying, sort of shamefacedly, something about not minding that other thing—all part of a man's nature. . . .

"And so we're recommending you," they ended, "for the Congressional medal."

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

APPARENTLY THE United States has the highest maternal death rate of any country collecting data on the subject. In the leading article of the next issue, "Death at Birth," Helena Huntington Smith asks why this should be the case. The reason, she finds, according to prominent obstetricians, is that the average physician gets insufficient practical experience during his period of training. Miss Smith is a frequent contributor to The Outlook and Independent.

THE SURVEY of American College athletics recently conducted by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching opens the annual discussion on the over-emphasis of football. In "Whose Game Is It?" John R. Tunis asks whether football is a game for coaches or for players and quotes the replies of several prominent coaches to the proposal that they remain in the grandstand when the game is in progress. The replies are both contradictory and unconstructive. The coaches are obviously against the proposal. Mr. Tunis is a regular contributor to The Outlook and Independent.

EUROPE, IT SEEMS, is being converted to American industrial methods. In "Americanizing Europe" Marvin M. Black, Jr., describes the adoption, especially in Germany and Russia, of our methods of advertising, merging and mass production. Mr. Black is a writer specializing in economic and financial subjects.

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT of Mrs. Springer's biography of Mrs. Eddy, *According to the Flesh*, describes the period following the death of her first husband, Mr. Glover, and the birth of her son. It was a period of illness and obscurity. After nine years of widowhood she married Dr. Patterson only to be left a virtual invalid when he was captured during the Civil War.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

NO LONGER need you slave for a week or even ten days before you can gain popularity by your masterful and spirited rendering—no, not "rending"—of the Fifth Symphony on the saxophone. You can get a ten-inch saxophone in gold colored metal into which you put music rolls, and all you have to do is blow and turn a small crank, and out comes the tune, correct and faultless as if executed by a master.

THE PREMIER Junior Complete Electric Cleaning Unit is a combination motor-driven brush cleaner for floors and rugs, a floor polisher, and a small sized vacuum cleaner.

AN ELECTRIC kitchen clock which runs for a year or more on the power supplied by a ten cent battery is of white enamel outlined in blue. Who wouldn't pay ten cents to avoid 365 windings? Figure it out for yourself. It costs you something around three hundredths of a mill per winding.

RADIUM house numbers shine in the dark and make it easy for a late guest to find you without ringing all the doorbells on the street. They might be a help to you some time, too.

THE NEW YORK Junior League has established an Entertainment Bureau at Saks-Fifth Avenue. The Bureau will throw any kind of a party for you and take care of all details.

THE MAGIC CHEF is a new gas stove designed with the aid of a leading teacher of interior decoration with a view toward furthering the modern trend of styling the kitchen. The stove has many new features which simplify the work of cooking, but its chief claim to distinction is its appearance. No burners or utensils are visible when it is not in use. The cooking top has a roomy lid which closes down, and only the bakelite handles for doors, drawers and gas cocks are seen. There are several finishes. The "Italian grand antique marble" finish looks like marble. Trim and sides are ivory. The "Jonquil model" is ivory, with green trim, and has marble finish top. It looks rather like a radio cabinet.

FIFTY YEARS AGO Mr. Edison invented the incandescent electric lamp. To celebrate this happy event the Edison Co. has brought out a new table lamp which is specially designed to give the right kind of light, and in the right place. The lamp, inside the shade, looks rather like a cup with three bulbs in it, above which is an inverted cone which reflects the northbound light downward. There is a special switch which turns on one, two or three bulbs. The glare from the bare bulbs cannot strike the eye. The attachment plug includes two extra outlets. The stand is finished in bronze, and the shade is parchment.

THE VIBRO-MASSAGE is a very small electric vibrator 6 inches long and weighing 6 ounces with which come two attachments for massaging the face and one for the scalp.

WE HAVE SEEN some very amusing miniature wall clocks, with pendulum and weights. They measure 2½ by 3 inches, and come in white enamel and black carved faces, with colored scenic decorations above.

TEREK CLOTH is a new material for table coverings. It serves the same purpose as the various patterned and colored oilcloth lunch cloths, but don't confuse it with them. It is much better in every way. It comes in green, maize, white, peach and blue, with an invisible pattern copied from an old Irish linen pattern, can be cleaned by wiping with a damp cloth, is very flexible and has a soft back which feels rather like felt and will protect the table top. It comes by the yard, or in tablecloths and luncheon sets.

AT LAST we have a sculptural interpretation of "it," so often referred to in the past few years. It comes, oddly enough, f. o. b. Chicago. It is, says the mfgr., "a symbol of the age. Dainty little horns, cloven hoofs and claws, suggesting a 'little mischief,' and offset by poised wings on a lithesome innocent body, expresses humanity's oldest and newest emotion. This alluring and mystic nymph stands as the only real and perfect symbol of 'IT'." So that's it, is it?

A NOVELTY that we don't think is very new but seems good for a bridge prize or a small gift is a box of those matches that have tips of different colors. They come, 100 mixed in a fancy box, or 525 in a hexagonal box with each color in a different section.

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According to the Flesh

(Continued from Page 368)

so obvious qualities. If it be true that his mistaken method of discipline increased her sense of combativeness, increased even the tendency to the illness with which she was afflicted,—then Christian Science itself is in this father's debt. For without the incorrigible temperament, without the invincible power of her will, without the continued instability of her health which concentrated the interest upon a cure, she would never have taken the path that led her to found her church.

Lest this phase of Mary's childhood be unduly stressed, it should be remembered how all children take for granted the environment and conditions, even of illness, to which they have been habituated from infancy; how it constitutes to them the normal condition and environment, and their place in and reaction to it constitute their normal reaction to the world. Life in the Baker household was not all religious oppression and stern parental discipline. Mrs. Eddy said that she remembered the home of her childhood as one "with the open hand." Visits were paid and received. The Bakers themselves were a large family, with many relatives. Cousins came and went. Concord was only five miles away, and the Bakers were not stay-at-homes.

Mary was not always ill, and it is hardly to be supposed that so volatile a temperament as hers found pleasure exclusively in study and pious contemplations. And there is evidence, the evidence of her own letters written in her early teens, to show her toward those she loved an affectionate, spirited, and, considering the nature of her illness, a surprisingly natural little girl. Indeed, except for the crises of illnesses, and the instability of her nervous organization, Mary's childhood experiences seem to have been no more than those of the usual precocious child.

She had flying dreams, even as you and I,—which served her later as a symbol of transcending the laws of matter, and "mounting higher in the altitude of being." There was a period when she heard voices, as many children do. Her name would be called three times in an ascending scale, and when she would go to her mother to ask what she wanted, her mother would say that no one had called. On one occasion her cousin Mehitabel was present and also heard the voice, which convinced Mary's mother, who then bade her when she heard the voice again to answer in the words of Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," and on the night when the voice called again, she replied as her mother had bidden her, and after that she did not hear the voice again. Much is made of this experience, and Mrs. Eddy recounts it at length in *Retrospection and Introspection*.

The stress laid upon this experience and the fact that it is the only one recounted, show that such experiences were foreign and unusual to her. She seems never to have been an *ecstatic* in the mystical religious sense. Voices are by no means uncommon experiences of adolescence, and few children grow up without some such story to tell. It certainly cannot be held, in Mary's case, as prophetic of her mission, or as evidence of early piety. Mary's father probably thought her a most impious and worldly child. She could hardly have escaped familiarity with the Bible, and biblical characters would come quite naturally to seem real personages to her. Samuel was her favorite prophet, probably because her mother often read to her the story of little Samuel. When she learned that Samuel had prayed three times daily, she took to praying seven times a day, chalking up her score on the wall of the woodshed, outdoing Samuel by four prayers a day. Denied a part in the normal competitive games of other children, she entered into competition with the prophet Samuel, and came off easily victorious.

In her lack of youthful physical activity lies perhaps one of the most potent forces of her life. The vitality forced into the channel of ambition, of intellectual desire, the necessity to distinguish herself above her fellows without competing on their own ground.

That she succeeded is hardly to be denied. At fourteen, Mary, who had had only occasional weeks at the district school, wrote a letter which she excuses as "the second letter I ever wrote," to her brother George Sullivan who had lately left the farm. It is in a slanting Spencerian hand, on what was apparently thin paper with a lined page placed beneath and showing through to keep the writing straight. The errors are less apparent in the original than they appear in print,—which by the way is equally true of her letters throughout her life.

Bow Sept. 7th—1835

Dear Brother—

As I have an pportunity of sending you a letter by Mr. Cutchins without putting you to that expense which any intelligence that I could communicate

TURKEY—
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COME DOWN for a Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Thanksgiving, where everything is done for you. Turkey—and no trouble. Festivity—and no confusion. Dining-rooms luxuriously appointed, and sun-rooms, squash courts, Sandy Cove—a playroom for children . . . while over all is the homelike spirit that makes people come and bring their families to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

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would but ill repay, I improve it with pleasure. If solitude will make one's thoughts flow on uninterrupted I think I shall have plenty of them this afternoon as Father Mother and Martha (which makes up the family) have gone to attend the funerel of J. I. Cavis and I am left alone to review past events and paint to my imagination the many happy Sabbaths we have spent together. Still as you informed us in your letter you enjoyed contentment and health at which I do most sincerely rejoice; and I should were I in your case think the sacrifice at which you obtained it but a mere momentary gratification compared with the enjoyment of health. Yet though in the enjoyment of these blessings you informed us there was one thing wanting to fill up the measure of your happiness to know that Father was reconciled to your leaving us. I think from what we have herd him say in the family and tell others he was sensible as well as all of us the exchange was necessary for your health.

There is one thing if I have not improved it aright I have lerned from expperience to prize more perhaps than ever I did *before* that is *Dear Brother* the *friendly advice* and *council* you was ever giving me and the lively interest you ever manifested in my welfare—but now when I sit down to my *lonely* meal I have no brother Sullivan to encourage me as formerly—but there is no philosophy in repining. I must extend the thought of benevolence farther than selfishness would permit and only add my health at present is improveing slowly and I hope by dieting and being careful sometime to regain it. I had entirely forgotten to write you the news I had intended and will only say as Martha has told you all about it that in this town *far kened* and *noted* is *your name* and that we are in daily expectation of receiving some of your *poetical* effusions, a love dity or something of the kind. This is the news I have to tell respecting yourself (and news indeed I should suppose to you) or of any kind excepting that Mother has been that long contemplated journey to Boston with cousin James B. who was upon a visit at that time and returned with her, had an agreeable visit, returned in a week from the time she left. She wants very much to see you and wer it not she looks more to your interest than her own personal comfort could scarcely be denyed it. She wishes me to geive her love to you and as for Father he will write by Mr. Cutchins if he sees him—if not by the mail and give you the result of his researches at Sanbornton as he is now there with Mother to look up a farm. I have written much more than I intended as sister M. and I have both written, and will now close with giving you much thanks for the presents you sent by Mr. C. although I did not receive the toothpick I shall take the will for the deed and think much of them for coming from you. Write every opportunity—excuse all mistakes as this is the second letter I ever wrote and accept the well wishes of your *affectionate sister,*

Mary M. Baker.

The "researches at Sanbornton" proved fruitful, for the following Spring found the Bakers settled on their new farm just at the edge of Sanbornton Bridge (now Tilton), a thriving little manufacturing town eighteen miles to the north of Concord. And now Mary once more attempted to go to school. She was, of course, placed in a class with children much younger than herself.

"I remember Mary Baker well," said one of these old classmates. "She began to come to district school in the early Summer of 1836. I recollect her very distinctly because she was such a big girl to be in our class. I was only nine, but I helped her with her arithmetic when she needed help. . . . When she left school in three or four weeks we had both reached long division. She left on account of sickness.

"I remember what a pretty girl she was, and how nicely she wore her hair. She usually let it hang in ringlets, but one day she appeared at school with her hair 'done up' like a young lady. She told us that style of doing it was called a 'French Twist,' a new fashion which we had never seen before. In spite of her backwardness at books she assumed a very superior air, and by her sentimental posturing she managed to attract the attention of the whole school. . . . She loved to impress us with fine stories about herself and her family. The schoolgirls did not like her, and they made fun of her as schoolgirls will. I knew her for a long time afterward, as we grew up in the same village, but I can't say that Mary changed much with her years."

A trifle bitter, this, from the studious little girl of nine sought out so many years later merely to furnish a reminiscence of that fifteen year old Mary now grown to fame and power. Mary Baker had her critics then as ever afterward.

Mrs. Eddy's education has been the subject of much dispute. On the one hand, it is claimed that those few weeks at the Tilton school ended her formal education. On the other hand, we have the repeated statements of such spokesmen of her church as Septimus J. Hanna that Mrs. Eddy was "from every point of view a woman of sound education and liberal culture," and Mrs. Eddy's own statement that she graduated from Sanborn's Academy. And certain it is that her early letters give evidence of "studying hard at home," and the hope of "returning to school" if her "health permits." She quotes the poets, and thanks her brother for sending books.

She had a tremendous admiration for scholarship, and her own lack in this direction led her to make statements in that regard which have been the butt of much ridicule. There is, for example, the lyric statement so often and so delightedly quoted by her enemies:

"After my discovery of Christian Science, most of the knowledge I had gleaned from schoolbooks vanished like a dream.

"Learning was so illumined, that grammar was eclipsed. Etymology was divine history, voicing the idea of God in man's origin and signification. Syntax was spiritual order and unity. Prosody, the song of angels, and no earthly or inglorious theme."

It is a pity that she felt evasion or defense necessary on the subject of her education, since it is plain that she had enough to enable her to do what she set out to do. It may be that with more she would not have gone so far, —would not so boldly have set out upon the road where scholars fear to tread. The value of formal education is not held to be so certain in our day as it was in hers. The stress has shifted from the acquisition of learning to the application of knowledge to the affairs of life. And limited as her education was, it certainly must be said that Mary Baker used what knowledge she did acquire to the full extent of her capacities.

If her younger schoolmates made fun of her, it seems to have depressed Mary not at all, for in December, 1836, she is writing gaily again to Sullivan, telling him of a party she has attended at the home of a Miss Hayes, who was "truly sorry our brother from Conn. was not there;" gossiping a little, enigmatically and discreetly; and giving him the news:

"You have perhaps heard Esqr. Pierce is elected senator to Congress. Albert remains at Boston and we believe consider- the proposals Esqr. P. has formerly made to him that he will *now* relinquish the idea of going to the West.

"We saw Uncle Baker not long since; he is strangely altered and to appearance is wasting very fast,—enough enough of this. . . .

"Oh brother I wish I could see you, and I hdly think Abby and I would be

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as sleepy as we were the last night you spent with us; but could amuse ourselves (if not you) by telling you things that would excite your laughter if nothing more."

If Albert was, as she has since repeatedly maintained, her favorite brother, and there existed a great affection and understanding between them, and if these are merely the letters to the less loved Sullivan, we would have here evidence of an unusual warmth of family feeling; an affectionate and loving nature in a young girl, who permitted herself to be advised by her brothers and thanked them for the advice.

Taken by themselves, these early letters might easily prophesy a literary career. They are as ingenuously charming, as well said, as individual, as the childhood letters of many notable women of literature.

We have an undated letter written while she was on a visit to friends near Boston,—probably the visit referred to as the one upon which she was sent to restore her equilibrium after continuous clashes with her father.

Friday morn, Haverhill

My dear Brother—

Since I left you I have made it a religious duty to obey you in *all things.* And today, according to promise, write you the order of exercises since Wednesday— I reached here about 6 o'clock P. M. was the only passenger inside, and such a *sky-rocket* adventure I never had; sometimes I really thought I was at least *midway* between heaven and earth, till the driver's shrill whistle, or a more tolerable road would restore my senses; Mr. Hale is the most polite good natured driver in the *whole world (as I have seen it all)* and was very kind to me on your account, I suppose—You cannot know how *lame* and unwell I felt *yesterday;* Augusta would sleep with me the first night, and kept me awake so long after we retired, I did not rest much if any, that night. Yesterday in the afternoon we both took off our dresses and went *to bed*—I rested some, and today am as well as usual—have *not been anywhere.* Augusta and *all* want me to stay here until commencement, and then attend with them, but there is so much to excite me here, and such a teazing etiquette in this vill. it is not best for my health. And I go to L. tonight—*God bless you.* Mary.

During this visit Mary, abjuring the "teazing etiquette" of the village, found time to write a poem called *The Country Seat,* which is still preserved in her autobiography.

"From girlhood I was a verse-maker," she says. "Poetry suited my emotions better than prose," and although she continued to express herself in verse, she was never a poet, and her mastery of the medium did not improve with years. The tendency of her muse was, as the Germans say, "to go upon the stage," and once there, she made such disconcerting leaps "from sense to Soul" that we often wonder if she could have been altogether serious. The suspicion comes upon us more than once that she may really have enjoyed these absurdities of style herself, giving as they do so much the effect of laughing in church, merely to liven up the services. In her later years she withdrew her long illustrated poem called astonishingly *Christ and Christmas,* and rebuked her followers with "My Christmas poem and its illustrations are not a text book. Scientists sometimes take things too intensely."

AT SEVENTEEN Mary had emerged as a young woman in the social life of the town. A slender delicate girl, with her rose-leaf complexion, and the large gray eyes that changed color with the colors worn and under emotion darkened until they were almost black. Already she was one of those *different girls,* a touch of the histrionic in her manner and a touch of the romantic in her dress. Already she was the odd one, the poetess.

Her sister Abigail had married Alexander Tilton, owner of the woolen mills and the rich man of the town. This, with Mark Baker's improving fortunes, made the circle in which Mary moved quite the socially elite.

It was in her seventeenth year that Mary joined the church. In *Retrospection and Introspection,* she says that she joined the church at the age of twelve, and recounts a scene in the church in which she, as a child candidate, contended with the pastor in the presence of the members on the subject of predestination. "He was apparently," she says, "as eager to have unbelievers in these dogmas lost as he was to have elect believers converted and rescued from perdition." But she was "ready for his doleful questions," and so well did she argue that "even the oldest church members wept," and after the meeting was over came and kissed her; the good clergyman's heart also melted, and "he received me into their communion, and my protest along with me."

Mrs. Eddy's over-zealous followers, seeing wonders, prophesies and signs in every event of their Leader's life, held this scene to be analogous to that of Jesus arguing in the temple at the age of twelve. When later the church record was brought to light, which showed her to have been seventeen at the time of her admission into the church, Mrs. Eddy replied: "My religious experience seemed to culminate at twelve years of age. Hence a mistake might have occurred as to the exact date of my first church membership."

This is an example of her many inaccuracies about dates, as well as an example of the emotional quality of her memory.

WHEN MARY was nineteen Prince Charming appeared. He came with her brother Samuel on a visit from Boston. Samuel, the eldest of Mary's brothers, had left the farm many years before when Mary was a tiny child. With him had gone a neighbor's boy, George Washington Glover, familiarly known as Wash Glover. Samuel had married George Glover's sister, and the two boys, first learning the trade of stone mason, had settled in Boston and worked successfully in the building trades, becoming builders and contractors on their own. George Glover had left Boston to try his fortune in the South, just then offering attractive opportunities in the building line, and had established himself in Charleston, S. C. Meeting with success, he had given himself a holiday and gone to Boston, where he and his friend Samuel Baker decided to visit the old home.

To Mary he came with the glamor of the South upon him. He was no longer the neighbor's boy, Wash Glover, but the romantic, dark-eyed stranger from the aristocratic South. When business took him back to Charleston, it was with the promise to come again, and during their engagement he made several visits to Mary and her family.

On December 12, 1843, Mary Baker and George Washington Glover were married at the Baker home. There was a wedding with feasting, and all the relatives and friends, and the young couple departing in the usual shower of rice. They went immediately to Charleston, where Glover had prepared a home for his bride. It seems to have been a happy marriage, with Mary in good health and Wash an attentive and loving young husband.

But this felicity was only an interlude. The simple idyll was soon to end. Six months after their marriage, the young husband was dead. He had taken his wife along with him on a business trip to Wilmington, N. C., where he was stricken with yellow fever and died within a few days.

The young widow was with child,

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and except for the Masonic Lodge of which her husband was a member, without friends in Wilmington. The Masons took full charge of the funeral and with the utmost kindness befriended the young widow, and designated one of their number to accompany Mrs. Glover to New York, where she was met by her brother, George Sullivan Baker, and taken to her father's home.

Here she was given her old room again, and here in the following September she gave birth to her son, whom she named for his father, George Washington Glover.

(To Be Continued)

Will Women Wear Them?

(Continued from Page 373)

to the becomingness to those who wore them. The 'cut' was determined by the mode. And, each year or season came new commands, ultimata altogether irrational, defiance of which made one dowdy.

"The gown of 1930 is not confined within such rigorous limits. There is in the mode a fundamental unity, no more. Superficial rules no longer exist. There are so many opportunities to enhance the personality of all women that each one may be strictly in style by choosing the model which is ideal for her type, her proportions, her coloring and all those details which will give her more elegance and charm.

"In 1930 it is the mode which adapts itself to the woman. The highly successful gown is but the success of the woman who chooses it.

"To coin a neologism, the gown itself is frankly *egogenic*. It brings out and accentuates every trait in the personality. The number of adaptations is infinite and at the same time essential unity manifests itself through all variations."

The booklet is too long to quote in its entirety but it stresses the return of the afternoon gown and the passing of the sport dress for tea, rather than any radical change in cut or style.

There are other indications of rebellion. The new mode has displaced prohibition as the popular dinner topic. This is highly significant. If prohibition were objectionable only to a small minority it would never have been dignified table talk. Discussion of the new fashion is divided pro and anti, a sure signal of battle. Normally nothing bores the average man so much as a pow-wow on women's wear. Yet at the moment he not only listens to but joins in the argument, and even offers sporting odds on the outcome.

Making a tour of the shops we secure direct evidence, for we gain contact with both buyer and seller. Here we come upon expensively-gowned women waiving away the exaggerated styles. "Haven't you any others?" they inquire pettishly; and as they walk away to look elsewhere they may be heard to say to a companion, to the saleswoman, or to the air: "I wouldn't have one of them as a gift."

When we whisper to the saleswomen who have waited on us regularly for a period of years: "You're going to have a nice lot of little Christmas presents to make," instead of disagreeing with us or disputing our statement, they are either silent, or, if convinced of our discretion, confide to us: "We simply can't sell them. The women refuse to wear them."

If this were the first or even the second attempt to persuade or coerce us, the optimism of the conservative might not be warranted. But the trick has been tried each season for the past three or four years. And having stoutly resisted thus far it seems more than probable that women will continue to do so.

Heretical though it may be for a woman to venture it, style is not the peculiarly feminine attribute many women think it. A woman may have prettiness, charm, any number of attractions, but rob her of order, and her style goes glimmering. On the contrary, many men are careless (not to be confused with slovenliness). The ages of their suits are uncertain; sometimes the crease in their trousers is not too clearly defined; their ties and hose are not anything to be flaunted in the Sunday supplement, but they go about nonetheless with an élan the average woman would give her eye teeth to possess. This independence of the mode to the extent noted is not for woman.

Style is so closely related to fashion and the mode as to be the generally understood significance of the word. And yet while synonymous, it is at the same time a thing quite apart: One of those dynamic words where the dictionary definition seems altogether inadequate. It is as pervasive as air and as personal as a tooth-brush. A study of the new wind-breaker caps which the Manhattan police force are wearing at the instance of Commissioner Whalen, who is nothing, if not a stylist, provides an effective, if amusing illustration of its highly individual quality. This type of headgear becomes according to the idiosyncracies of the wearer a different something in each case. On one it is sedate; on another jaunty; in still another military; or again, tough. And when it does not conform to any of these pictures it instances that complete lack of style which no human agency can remedy.

There is such a thing as natural and effortless style. This is born, not made, —as poets used to be before free verse was discovered. But if we have it not, we may do well to seek it. How are we to recognize it? The question, what constitutes style, is as provocative of argument as the golden apple. Some will give one answer; some another. But getting down to first principles we must look for a definition that will cover any and all styles. The answer "verve and nerve" applies equally well to writing, and riding; to dancing and walking; to drama and art, and last, and probably least, to clothes. If we have these two qualities to any degree, clothes are not nearly as important as we imagine them. With them we can wear old clothes gaily and otherwise do pretty much as we please; we can pass off a three-year-old gown as a new one, or carry it with a disarming indifference that makes criticism a thankless job. These two qualities presuppose indifference and fearlessness, and having them we can take the liberties which would make the timid, because they are self-conscious, conspicuous.

Our Foreign Service

(Continued from Page 371)

happens, is willing to forget that either white girls or plumbing exist, then I believe he will be a success in the service.

The new diplomacy which has come after the War, and which will probably be furthered by President Hoover, needs men of this sort and must have them, but before the service is to be thoroughly successful certain inherent wrongs must be eliminated. The halcyon days are gone when the black sheep of old aristocratic families constituted an appreciable part of the personnel of the service. The weeding out of these men has been one of the greatest results of the Rogers Act of 1924, which on certain grounds has come in for unfavorable criticism. I cannot forget a secretary at the first post at which I served, who rarely let business interfere with his pleasures. He called me in one day and said he wanted to have a talk with me. "All right," I told him, and rather expected to be raked over the coals for something I had done. "How old are you?" he asked me, and I told him twenty-two. "A young man of twenty-two has a serious decision to make," he said to me calmly as he spun around

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in his desk chair, "about life," he added. I sat ready for the rest. "Whether to enjoy his mornings or his evenings," he said.

In the days before 1914, our investments abroad were less than one-sixth what they are today, and of no less importance is the fact that we have emerged from the status of a smaller power to one of the two most powerful. It was just as important actually in those days before the War for us to maintain an effective service but with our general policy of isolation we didn't realize it, nor care. Men would be appointed casually through the influence of representatives or senators, and would sail away to serve as consuls or secretaries until they tired of their jobs or couldn't stand them any longer. But now we have begun to realize that all that's different and must be so, else we, our reputation as a nation, our trade—to an important degree—suffer.

Moreover it is already different—so much so that you'd never know the old from what you now see of the new. Only the very best, most intelligent, and capable men are being taken in to the service—perhaps only ten per cent of the annual group of applicants as a rule pass the examinations. These, almost to the man, are college graduates and are often lawyers and professional men, but on top of such knowledge and experience as they may have, they are put through an extensive course covering most phases of service in the field.

In many posts abroad where other than the usual languages are in use, as for instance, China, Japan, Turkey, and the near Eastern countries, a special arrangement is made whereby the new officer who elects to specialize in one of languages of these countries, may be attached to the diplomatic mission concerned for a period of two years, during which he devotes himself purely to study of language. A language specialist is given the opportunity of advancing at a faster rate in the earlier years of his career, but he must be willing to devote his whole life to the country whose language is his specialty. He may serve in either a consular or diplomatic capacity.

I have already touched on some of the injustices which come about as a result of inadequate appropriations. There are many more, and there are many rules governing expenditures which are inflexible and absurd. A dart or two I shall fling personally at the Comptroller General, the greatest man in the world for complicating the governmental account system, and the inventor of red tape. Many instances illustrative of this come to my mind. In the Embassy in Tokyo, several Japanese messengers are employed and are kept busy doing work of many sorts. There were occasions when they were sent eighteen miles to Yokohama on necessary official business. On these occasions the equivalent of fifty cents had been regularly allowed them for luncheon in case they were delayed that long, and they usually were because things don't always move so fast in the Orient. Suddenly and inexplicably the Comptroller suspended these luncheon items over the period of the preceding year (ex post facto—I contended in vain), and the onus of it was left on the poor clerk whose job it was to handle the accounts, and who had no warning whatever of the new ruling. So the commissioned staff—five of us—members of the diplomatic service of the richest country in the world, dug into our pockets and put up the money to pay back the government which maintains probably the worst paid diplomatic service in the world.

Other cases of inflexibility are seen in the question of salaries. An officer of a given grade draws the same salary in whatever post he serves, no matter how much the cost of living may vary. A third secretary in London of a certain grade receives exactly the same as he would in Costa Rica, where the living and representation costs are very divergent. The Ambassador to Peru is allowed a salary of $17,500 annually just as is the Ambassador to London, yet the entertainment obligations of these two men are entirely different. The United States grants no representation allowance to members of the Foreign Service whether Ambassador or Vice Consul, but on the other hand liberal allowances are given military and naval attaches of the United States, serving under an American ambassador or minister. This seems hardly right or fair.

In Japan, the military, commercial or naval attaches, have appropriations which cover the expenses of any short trips required for the furtherance of official business. The Foreign Service hasn't a sou for such a thing. If a report is to be made which will necessitate the officer traveling away from the city in which he is stationed, the entire expense must be borne by him personally unless he is specifically ordered by the Department to proceed at Government expense. Last autumn, Ty Cobb, and several big leaguers visited the Orient and they radioed from their ship, asking an interview with the Ambassador. The telegram was put in my hands for action, but I couldn't radio a reply because our cable funds were so low. I couldn't risk it at the expense of other more essential telegrams that might have to be sent during the same quarter. Adequate publicity has been given in the past to the comparison of the salaries and allowances drawn by the American Ambassador in London and the British Ambassador in Washington, the former receiving the usual $17,500 with no extras of any sort no matter who is to be entertained nor what exigency arises, while the latter has a salary and numerous allowances, totalling in the neighborhood of $100,000 yearly, a house, automobiles furnished, and so on. This in itself is deplorable but this article is more concerned with the service as a whole. President Hoover, in his inaugural speech, mentioned equal opportunities in this way—

> "If we would prevent the growth of class distinctions and would constantly refresh our leadership with the ideals of our people, we must draw constantly from the general mass. The full opportunity for every boy . . . can alone secure to us this leadership."

But the Foreign Service of today is one of the great exceptions to equal opportunities, and will be until adequately espoused by some one who can loosen the governmental money bags to such a degree as to permit every individual in the service to maintain himself, and family, if he has one, in a way reasonably becoming an officer of the United States Government serving his country beyond the seas.

Prize Novels and Misprized Novelists

(Continued from Page 388)

having found her theme, let a powerful rhythm surge through the conventional designs in which she chose to present it; but, for all her insinuations that the souls of the Whiteoaks are dark whirlpools of passion, we see in the latter book that they are but frog puddles.

At least Anne Parrish tries to improve on her prize-winner. She fails. *The Perennial Bachelor* was spicy though trivial gossip on a stale theme. In *The Methodist Faun* (Harpers, $2.50) she attempts to focus this small town chitchat on a problem, completely summed up in the title. The result is a cacophony of woodland notes and nasal salvation hymns—ugly and

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meaningless. Yet Miss Parrish's failure is a triumph compared with the latest opus of Margaret Wilson, another prized novelist. *Trousers of Taffeta* (Harpers, $2.00) is the drowning grasp of an exhausted imagination on the straw of human interest. Miss Wilson follows the women's-clubs in their concern for child-marriage in India but she gets lost in a maze of puerperal details.

In varying degrees the same criticism applies to all these prize books. They are conscious bids for approval rather than conscientious creation. The authors, competent craftsmen though they are, do not recognize the difference between mere activity and actual life; their characters are constantly agitated from without and never moved by inner compulsion or spiritual growth. The happy exceptions are the two war books which shared the $25,000 prize of the Houghton Mifflin Company and the *American Legion Monthly*. Strictly speaking they are not novels at all; they are the material from which great fiction may some day be made. William T. Scanlon's *God Have Mercy On Us* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) is a remarkable case of total recall, whether done with artifice or artlessness. Incident after incident of six months' life at the front is presented chronologically and without the slightest emphasis except that which the reader wishes to read into such lines as these:

"Hello, Young! . . ."

"Hello, Getty! . . ."

"How did you like it, Bowen? . . ."

"The Whitestone Herald will hear about this, hey, Carney? . . ."

"I'll tell the world it will. . ."

"Ma Sibling's voice sure sounded sweet to me today . . ."

"Say, Rogan, was Shannon hit very hard? . . ."

Then the search began for those who were not there.

"Is Leighton here? . . ."

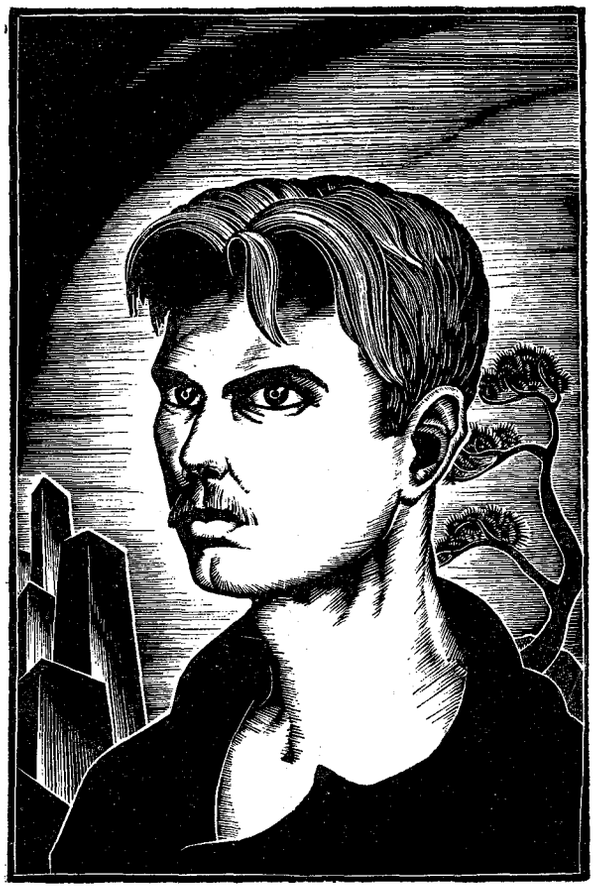
"Where's Fat Baumgartner? . . ."

"Did you see Corey? . . ."

"Anybody see young Shiel? . . ."

There were lots of these questions, but there were no answers. Everybody was asking for somebody else, but the somebody else was missing. The field in our rear was now in inky blackness. It held the somebody elses.

Mary Lee's *It's a Great War* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00) is equally detailed and, despite an effort at plot, just as lacking in focus and climax as Mr. Scanlon's book. Though it covers far more ground and is more intelligently informative, it has not the crude and downright honesty which gives strength and charm to *God Have Mercy On Us*. In her book the World War is seen through the eyes of a congenital virgin who injects into the great movements of armies the mania compounded of terror and desire. The result is sometimes pathetic, often ridiculous and always interesting.



Self-portrait of Lynd Ward, author of "God's Man," a Novel in Woodcuts (Cape and Smith)

How striking is the contrast between these prize novels and the adequate, balanced, satisfying work of the misprized novelists. Whether it is the sombre, atrophying civilization of Mr. Paul's first novelette or the many-colored, new-born society of his second story (*Low Run Tide* and *Lava Rock*, Liveright, $2.50), whether it is Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's documented panorama of American pioneering (*Short as Any Dream*, Harpers, $2.50) or the highly imaginative projection of an unreal state which Mr. Nathan achieves in *There Is Another Heaven* (Bobbs, Merrill, $2.00), these books pulsate with life. They are charged with emotion which is sufficiently universal to be convincing and sufficiently individual to be fascinating. They are stirring books.

It is a coincidence not without significance that in their peculiar ways these authors interpret the contemporary American scene. Mr. Paul does so intentionally. He combines two independent novels, one depicting an established community in Maine and the other a mushroom growth in Idaho, which though intensely concerned with special situations illumine the entire changing United States. In this he is continuing what he has previously done, but in his departure from a mannered style, in his new simplicity, assurance and dignity Mr. Paul has risen far above his earlier work. He needs but expansion to achieve an American masterpiece.

This fear of bulk handicaps Miss Sargeant too. *Short as Any Dream* is a first novel written with mature wisdom and sensitive feeling. Through its desire for economy and its timid handling of emotion it is occasionally obscure and inadequate in dealing with particular incidents, but in the whole it reveals the soul as well as the bones and sinews of New England.

Mr. Nathan is economical, yet with a difference. He is complete. He knows how to write beautifully and he chooses to parcel out this beauty in small doses. In every one of his novels he has confined himself to a single and distinct emotional reaction. He permits variations but no complications. He is undoubtedly America's outstanding and most accomplished stylist in fiction. And he is more than that. For in treating human emotions Mr. Nathan is both precise and profound. In this latest work he has placed three American souls in the Heaven created out of Protestant ideals and traced the mild but cumulative dissatisfaction which finally forces them to recross the Jordan.

The story is irreverent yet not irreligious, imaginative yet not whimsical, ironic yet not cruel. It is strong and delicate and deeply stirring.

Of these three authors Mr. Nathan has had the greatest amount of critical approval.

However, like the others he has won neither prizes nor popular recognition. But the fact remains that the future belongs to him, and to them.

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With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 362)

ment but it has no right to encourage disrespect for the law before it is repealed. It should at least play fair in editing the news.

If The Outlook were as busy in trying to get the state of New York to do its duty in supporting the constitution of the United States as it is in trying to get people to abhor prohibition, it would be of far greater service to the country. The kindest thing that can be said for The Outlook during the past year is that it has been giving aid and comfort to the enemies of law enforcement. It would be well for New York to do something toward enforcing the prohibition law before it asks the country to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment on the ground that it cannot be enforced.

In as much as I have been fighting the demon rum for more than thirty years through all phases of the fight—local option, state prohibition, national prohibition—I cannot longer be a subscriber to a paper that seems to be unwilling to fight prohibition fairly, but takes every occasion that offers to discredit the President and all those concerned in enforcing the law.

Very truly yours,
M. M. MAYNARD

More About "The Merest Trifle"

Corsicana, Texas

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Here is one way of looking at the question Miss Wylie raises in the "Merest Trifle."

Most of us who think are convinced that this little Earth on which we spend our little lives is a very small part of the Universe. Further, the more we attempt to grasp the idea of limitless space, endless time, countless stars, suns, worlds, the more clearly we perceive our own limitations,—recognize the truth of Socrates' statement that the only thing we know is that we know nothing.

Very well! let's accept the fact,—we know nothing. Let's quit trying to explain, quit puzzling over the fates of others, face the facts of our own lives. We feel the need to think, act along certain lines, to so live as to gain our own self-respect. Let's tackle our job, play the game and play fair, win, hold our own self-respect. What right have we, little ephemeral creatures, to think we can comprehend the laws of the Universe?

There is no false humility in this. It is the true, the wise humility of him who dares to look fearlessly within as well as without. Who frankly acknowledges that he has not the capacity to grasp the problems of the infinite, frankly tackles his own problem and tries to live his own life in accordance with the laws of his own being.

And such trying will lead some of us, —Miss Wylie, I surmise,—to go on searching for an answer to the unanswerable.

EDWIN G. BROWN

Poor Philip

Highland Park, Illinois

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

May a somewhat complacent mother of four children be permitted to make some probably catty remarks about Mrs. Wardel's description of her four-year-old boy's re-action to his nursery school and to life in the country?

"Poor Philip!" I sighed after reading the article. "Why on earth can't his mother let him alone!"

Evidently he is an only child with an intellectual mother bent on doing her conscientious best, analysing him at every turn, observing his every action, jotting down his passing remarks.

Poor Philip!

Will Mother Nature have a chance to take him to her bosom? I hope so, for the poor child certainly needs it to recover from the damage done at the nursery school. But will his own mother give Philip a chance? I doubt it.

One does not wish to seem unkind, but since the publication of the article invites comment, is it not fair to point out that a mother who would send her baby to such a nursery school must have been very hard pressed or quite lacking in understanding of children? Imagine the extreme idiocy of dragging a child under four on "expeditions to factories, wharves, rail road yards and art-museums." I cannot understand how a mother could send her child for one week to such a school, to say nothing of three years.

And now they go to the country and Philip is analysing his feelings about everything, and his mother is analysing him, and writing it down. His remarks certainly do not sound like those of a healthy four year old. Much more like the remarks of a child living in the lime light, conscious of the importance of his every action, every word.

At the risk of being extremely rude I am moved to say to his mother, "For Heavens sake, go in the kitchen and bake cookies, or hammer your typewriter to your heart's content, but let the poor child alone!"

And I might just add in closing that "when the school bells rang in the Fall, when the elms were turning yellow," the ground was probably too cold and damp for Philip to run barefoot and I hope it occurred to some one to put on his shoes and stockings.

Very truly yours,
MRS. G. W. GAIDZIK

Accusation

Pittsburg, Kansas

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

As you encourage expressions of criticism from your readers, I have a few words to offer.

The main trend of the policy of your magazine seems to be so consistently in the direction of laxity of life and scoffing of law, that I wish to enter a sincere protest.

The article "In Praise of Hypocrisy" will serve to illustrate. After calling attention to lawlessness, laxity and license on the part of the hero, Benjamin Franklin, his weakness and hypocrisy as a habit of life—"two illegitimate children, he had at least," etc. etc. the writer comes to this in the closing sentence, "It would be a great gain * * * if we accepted him as a model and exemplar for behavior under the blue repressions of our next decade." The motive and effect of such as this cannot be explained away by calling it irony or ridicule. The effect is there, and I conclude purposely so, to encourage license and lawlessness of the most serious kind on the part of those who take to that kind of reading. Are adultery and lying right or wrong? If you have any scruples at all in regard to what is right, why put such a challenge to disregard the principles of right behavior? It looks as though you desire to break down all discrimination in regard to good and evil, judging by the trend of your policy week after week and all the time.

Then you go back and drag in an unfortunate incident that was old news some time ago and stir up hatred toward law enforcement officers by a renewed display of the killing of a husband while in the car with his wife and two children. The motive that leads to that renewed exhibit is too plain to permit one to be mistaken. What kind of a citizenship do you desire to cultivate? Why throw constantly, obstacles in the way of patriotic people who want to help others to do and be right?

If your readers follow your lead we will certainly have a fine crop of scoff-laws and outlaws. You must have no concern for the future morals of our country.

Yours for law, order and good behavior.

F. L. PETTIT

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Bess Streeter Aldrich is the wife of C. S. Aldrich, a banker of Elmwood, Nebraska. She has four children. Her stories have been published in *American Magazine, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, Delineator, Designer, McCall's, People's Home Journal, Harper's Weekly, Black Cat,* etc. She has syndicated many of her stories, sold photoplay rights to some, and is reselling her present series to such English magazines as *Pearson's, Cassell's* and The *Amalgamated Press.*

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With Our Readers

Reply to Miss Yost

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

It was with a good deal of interest that I have just read the article by Edna Yost, entitled "Carry Nation Wets" in The Outlook for September 25, 1929, beginning at page 146 thereof.

It is probably true, as she suggests, that some of the "wets", at least, the radical ones, seem to be much more concerned with protesting against the law, and with more or less offensive defiance thereof, than with any constructive program for a change in the law.

But it would seem that she is not entirely correct in taking the view that the reaction to that sort of thing, in the minds of some people, has been favorable to Prohibition. To the contrary, it has been that sort of thing, practically unknown before Prohibition, that has convinced a good many that Prohibition is wrong, and that probably Government control, such as they have in some other countries, would most likely be better. The reaction of the "friend who had attended the party" might have been an argument for Temperance and against the abuses of liquor, but it could hardly be an argument in favor of Prohibition. It has been this aspect of the situation that has disgusted a good many men and women who were previously inclined to think that the "noble experiment" might eventually succeed. But they changed their minds because they were old enough to remember that, prior to Prohibition, such things were not nearly as common as they are now. In other words, Prohibition seems to have placed a "stunt" value on drinking, whereas before Prohibition it was merely commonplace, not smart, devilish, or funny.

Another thing, so the men have found, is this: Before Prohibition, a moderate drinker, or a total abstainer, could find himself in a buffet with a bunch that were calling for drinks of various kinds, and when his turn came, could simply say "White Rock", or "Buttermilk", and it would not be noticed. A man didn't have to drink, if he didn't wish to do so, but since Prohibition, the thing has been different. Now, in your host's home, or in his office he pours a drink and hands it to you, and there is considerable comment right away if you refuse.

Moreover, didn't she (Edna Yost) put her finger on one weakness of the Prohibition Law, and similar laws, when she said "No woman but knows that safety for her sex is based upon the rigid enforcement of laws," for isn't it true that women are more inclined to believe in the "magic of law" than men? It is one thing to vote for a law, or to pass a law, and quite a different thing to enforce that law. Women are much more inclined, history says, to want a paternalistic government (witness the various departments at Washington devoted to household and welfare matters) than are men. But they forget that the enforcement of laws by physical force, and even violence, is something that must be handed over to the men, and that is where sumptuary and paternalistic law generally breaks down.

Further on, she (Edna Yost) says, referring to women: "They will not be persuaded easily to vote against Volsteadism until they are pretty sure there is something to vote for which appears to be a whole lot better." Of course, there are some who think that Prohibition is as good as anything, and there are probably just as many who think that most anything would be better. However, we have in the Ontario or Quebec systems, or the Government liquor control systems of some other countries, a concrete example of what may, when the voting time comes, be offered as a substitute for Volsteadism and its inherit evils.

Yours very truly,

A. F. DURAND

In Support of the Cardinal

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Casually purchasing a copy of the "Outlook" of Oct. 23d, I became interested in the first article "With Our Readers" and settled down on the train for some good reading, but the reaction the second article gives is not what I had expected. And I am writing to see if there is another slant on publishing just such line of propaganda. I refer to "Pope of New England" meaning the Roman Catholic Cardinal O'Connell.

If there was any count made out against the gentleman, well and good—go ahead and make it, but here is a well-written article proving nothing, telling nothing but one man's unfounded and admittedly unproven opinions, based as the article implies on nothing more than a narrow spirit of bigotry. Have we not passed such unchristian feeling? We should if we have not. My reaction to the article was to find out the other side of the question, which I shall do at the first opportunity.

It seems to me that the Outlook should be able to find enough constructive matter within its own "outlook" without permitting articles of this type to creep in, articles that do no one any good and merely promote unchristian and bitter feelings among peoples of the earth.

Asking you to accept this intended constructive criticism in the spirit in which it is sent.

WALTER LEON CULLMAN

Against Mr. Phillips

Fort Plain, New York

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Permit a word of reply to Mr. T. W. Phillips's article "The Consent of the Governed" published in your September 18 edition. The gentleman attempts to reason by analogy. He ignores the fundamental truth that when reasoning by analogy the relations must be the same.

The writer speaks of a child's mind compared with the mind of a squirrel as to whether it should be shot. He uses this as an argument against Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt's opinion as compared with other human beings. The relations are not the same, and therefore the conclusion is not logical.

Then too it can easily be seen that it is not "inherently wrong" to kill an animal. It would be inherently wrong to discuss with the animal the question at all if a higher cause as that of humanity demanded the killing. The safety not only of crops but human life demands killing of animals without the consent of the killed. Consent of the killed will never make an act right or wrong.

On the other hand, Mrs. Willebrandt speaks of that which is inherently wrong by nature, viz. the use of alcohol as a beverage. It would be "inherently wrong" to consult "large business" as to whether anything should or should not be outlawed. No sensible person would think it fair to compare dispossessing farmers of their stock to dispossessing the wine-seller of his grog. The relations are not the same, the one is necessary to life while the other is detrimental to the highest life.

Mr. Phillips says that "ten years of Prohibition have not made a dent in human nature." Facts will not confirm this as true. Never in the history of the United States have more homes been well equipped and paid for by the work-

(Please Turn to Page 438)

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